

MOTHERS
CRY



HELEN GRACE
CARLISLE

DALE BEEBE.

MOTHERS CRY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025



A First National and Vuaphone Production.

Mothers Cry.

BEATTY BELIEVED SHE HAD FOUND THE TRUTH OF LOVE
AT LAST!

MOTHERS CRY

BY
HELEN GRACE CARLISLE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
THE FIRST NATIONAL
AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION

GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

Published by Arrangement with Harper & Brothers

B-E

Seventh Printing

MOTHERS CRY . COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY
HELEN GRACE CARLISLE. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

TO
PAUL ROOME DEMOTT

MOTHERS CRY

MAMA wanted me to learn typewriting but it looked so hard and the machine frightened me a little. It made such a lot of noise. So I asked her if I couldn't work in Landry's instead. They needed cash girls and so they took me right away. Mama was disappointed because she thought typewriting was higher than being a cash girl but I couldn't help it the typewriting machine looked so complicated and the noise frightened me. I knew I could never get my fingers to work it right.

I told mama the first day I was working at Landry's about Mr. Williams. He worked at the silk counter on my side of the store. They had all men in the silks and it seemed funny to me because they were using nearly all girls every place else in Landry's. There were such a lot of old men that worked in the silks but Mr. Williams wasn't so old. I guess he was thirty-five years old and I was eighteen years old. He told me how his father had worked for Landry's too and had worked for Mr. Landry in London only there they called them drapers and it sounded funny to me.

So I told mama how Mr. Williams talked to me. He didn't just give me the sales slip and ask me to hurry up but he asked me did I like the work and I said yes I liked it but that I was so afraid I would

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

make mistakes. Then mama wanted to know was he nice and did he have a moustache and I said yes and mama liked it and she said now you try to please him and make things easy for him. And when I left for work the next day she put two oranges in my lunch and she said I must offer Mr. Williams one. But he didn't speak to me all that day hardly and so I brought the other orange home and mama said never mind.

But the next day Mr. Williams stood at my desk and he talked to me again. He said what a nice collar that is you are wearing. We had to wear black dresses at Landry's with white collars. So I said yes I made the tatting myself and I did the hemstitching too. And he said it's lovely work. I felt so ashamed because I could feel I was blushing because my face was so hot. Then a customer came and he went away. But pretty soon when there were no more customers he came back and we talked some more. Mr. Williams said what terrible things the Spanish had been doing to our soldiers in Cuba but we were showing them a few things too and did I hear the latest way of singing Yankee Doodle. So I said no. So he sang very softly so no one could hear but me Yankee Dewey sailed his boats up Manila Bay sir he saw the Spaniards with their floats and blew them all away sir. He said he wanted to enlist only the war was really over now.

And when he walked away Fanny Benson who worked with me in the store began to laugh and

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

called Mr. Williams my beau but I said I was too young to have a beau but I liked Mr. Williams a lot. I said he was my ideal because he was so handsome and so kind and I thought he looked so nice with his black coat and his striped trousers. Fanny laughed a lot and called me romantic but I said no I wasn't romantic but I thought it was nice to have ideals.

The next day mama put some cakes she made in my lunch box and she said I could offer one to Mr. Williams. So when I was opening my lunch in the basement at the girls' table I took out one of the cakes and I walked over to where Mr. Williams was sitting and I asked him if he wouldn't like to taste it because my mother made it and he said yes. And I ran away quickly to our table because all of a sudden I felt I had been bold and I was a little frightened.

It seems queer to me now when I think how scared I was then of such a little thing like that especially when I think how when Danny went to the electric chair I wasn't scared hardly at all. I didn't know anything then. I'm not sure I know anything now. I don't understand more. All these thirty years. That time I gave Frank a cake from my lunch box and now Danny died on the electric chair.

Then Mr. Williams began to send me little candy hearts with the sales slips. I thought it was very funny for him to do it but I thought it wasn't quite right because they had things printed on them like

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Little Sweetheart and I Love You Truly. But I sucked them for a little bit and the printing came off and then I kept them on my desk where he could see that the printing wasn't on them any more so he would know I thought he was too bold.

One day when we were leaving Landry's Mr. Williams came up to me and he said could he walk with me to the elevator and I said yes and he did and he asked me if he could ever come and see me at my house. So I said I would ask mama. So I did and mama said of course certainly and maybe I wasn't so foolish being a cash girl because sometimes a girl had more chances in a store than in an office.

I told Mr. Williams he could come to our house on Wednesday night for supper. I told Fanny Benson about it but I was sorry I did because she kept tickling me all day and giggling.

I got off a little early on Wednesday night and mama said I should put on my robins egg blue dress. It had quite big sleeves too and little roses around the neck. It was my party dress only I hardly ever went to parties because I didn't know many people.

Mama made a lovely dinner and I made the crust for the pie because mama said I made crust better than she did and besides it would be nice to tell Mr. Williams afterwards that I made it. And Jamey churned the ice cream. But he had his supper early because we never knew what awful things Jamey might say at the table because he was only thirteen. I curled my bang just before Mr. Wil-

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

liams came so it would be fresh and I asked papa to please not take off his coat.

Mr. Williams came and he brought some flowers with him—bought ones from the store—and they looked lovely in the middle of the table and made it look high tone. The supper was lovely and Mr. Williams liked everything except the cabbage. Mama was worried but I said to her afterwards in the kitchen when I helped her bring in the pie and the ice cream that he ate so much of everything else it didn't really matter. Then mama told him how I made the pie crust and Mr. Williams said he was so surprised—only he said amazed because he always talked so nice—because girls nowadays weren't taking any interest in domestic matters and it was a shame for what was to become of the home if all the girls who were going into offices kept thinking they could neglect the wonderful culinary art. He was glad to see one girl however who still remembered that the office was temporary but that the home went on forever. After all he said that was woman's sphere and she should make herself and her sphere as lovely as possible. I thought Mr. Williams talked just like a book and mama kept nodding to everything he said so I knew she was pleased too. Papa didn't say much I guess because he wasn't comfortable because he had his coat on. Once he said I guess they're going to try to make this feller Roosevelt governor and Mr. Williams said yes it looks like it and mama said for goodness sake don't start talking politics. She wasn't interested in

• MOTHERS • CRY •

politics and she was glad to say that I wasn't either and what did Mr. Williams think but she was reading only the other day how out somewheres in the west they let women vote but as for her she had enough to do with sewing and baking and cooking thank you.

Mama told Mr. Williams how I always helped her with the dishes but of course tonight I didn't need to and so we went into the parlor Mr. Williams and I while mama cleared up. Play one of your pieces for Mr. Williams mama said I'm sure he'd like to hear you. And Mr. Williams said yes he would like to very much and I could feel I was getting hot but he said not to be so shy because he didn't know anything at all about the piano and he wouldn't know if I made any mistakes but he liked music just the same. So mama went out and I played the Maiden's Prayer. Mr. Williams sat very quiet and in the end he said did I know some more. I said yes and so I played Hearts and Flowers and he got up then and he turned the pages for me. He was standing so near me I could have touched him. It was the nearest Mr. Williams ever had stood to me. While I was in the middle his hand pushed down the green silk scarf from the piano and he asked me who made it and I said I did and he said it was very pretty and I said yes I like the roses on it and I showed him how I sewed on all the little silk balls around it and he said I was a very talented girl. Then we fixed the scarf on again right and I put the red plush picture of Aunt Kate on it to

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

keep it from falling down again but it made a funny rattle in the piano so I had to stop again and take it off. But I finished the piece at last and Mr. Williams said did I know another one and I said yes. I had been saving it for the last because it was the hardest of all and it sounded so wonderful on account of having so many chords. It was the Poet and Peasant and I played it all the way through with only two mistakes and it was the best I ever played it because I did so want to please Mr. Williams. I was sure he was my ideal because he was so handsome and so kind and he talked so nice. I was very happy when he was standing so near me. I didn't know any more pieces except easy ones and I didn't want to play one like Evening Star after Poet and Peasant. So I got off the piano stool and I sat on the sofa and Mr. Williams came and sat down beside me and I got all red and hot again but he laughed in a very nice kind way. Then he asked me questions about myself and I told him how we lived on the same block all the time and it wasn't bad only mama complained all the time because the elevator on third avenue at the corner made such a noise but it was only a little ways to Central Park and so I liked it. Then Mr. Williams asked me would I like to come with him to Central Park on Sunday and we would go rowing and I said I thought it would be lovely if mama said I could. So we talked some more and I told him how I graduated from public school sixteen but I wasn't very smart in school though I wasn't ever left back

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

and I was always so quiet and the other children teased me but I couldn't help it that I got frightened so easily. Mr. Williams said I needed somebody strong to protect me and I said yes and I thought to myself yes somebody like Mr. Williams because he was so much older and with all his experience in the silk department and he was so big. And then I told him how I stayed home after I graduated and just helped mama in the house and that was why I knew so much about sewing and housework because mama was very particular and she liked things just so. And I told him how mama was afraid I would never meet any people if I just always stayed home with her and how we talked it over and she thought I would be better off if I went into an office and that was how I came to Landry's.

All of a sudden Mr. Williams took my hand and he said you have such a nice small hand Miss Knight. And I knew I was getting hot and red again. And such lovely hair it's just right not really brown and not really blond and you have such nice eyes. I like blue eyes. I felt terrible for him to say such things and I told him I didn't think he should. And he said why not because he believed in giving praise before flowers. I didn't understand what he meant and he laughed and explained he meant we should say nice things to people before they die not afterwards so then I laughed too but I didn't like him to talk about dying because I was feeling so happy.

Mr. Williams kept holding my hand all the time

• MOTHERS • CRY •

and it was getting kind of wet and I felt uncomfortable and I didn't know how to take my hand away. Then he put my hand on his shirt front and he said may I call you Mary and I said yes you can. Then he said and you must call me Frank. But I said oh no I couldn't do that because he was so much older and superior. He laughed and said try. I did try to call him Frank but I kept forgetting and most times I called him Mr. Williams. Then it got to be ten o'clock and mama came in and Mr. Williams said he guessed he would have to go. He said good night to everybody and I went with him to the door and he said good night to me and he said he had spent a lovely evening and he shook hands with me.

I could hardly sleep that night. Mr. Williams was my first beau because the boys on the block were so rough and they only teased me. I was terribly excited and I kept thinking how I would see him all day long tomorrow in the store and it seemed so romantic. I could picture him selling some silk to some elegant lady and I would be watching him and thinking oh madam last night he called me Mary. And it seemed so wonderful it was like leading a double life.

When I was in the store the next day I told Fanny Benson about it but she giggled so much I felt she was spoiling it all. I thought it was too important for her to carry on like that. When Mr. Williams came over to my desk with his sales slip there was a customer with him and I gave him his

• MOTHERS • CRY •

change just like there was nothing at all between us but Mr. Williams looked at me and I looked at him and we knew what was between us but Fanny Benson touched my foot under the desk with hers and I wanted to laugh and that spoiled it. It was so exciting. I felt just like something so important had happened and it hadn't finished happening yet. I felt so glad all day and I was so happy and it seemed to me I was the luckiest girl in the world and I had never done anything to deserve so much. So when I got home that night I thought I ought to do something to show I was grateful and so I decided I would change the brush binding on my skirt because I always hated so to do it on account of having to handle the old binding so dirty from the streets and all but I thought now that I am Mr. Williams' friend I must have a fresh binding on the hem of my skirt and I said to myself that I would try harder now to hold my skirts up out of the dirt.

Just like he promised Mr. Williams came on Sunday afternoon and we went to Central Park. It was getting real hot now and so I didn't like very much to go to the animals but Mr. Williams bought me a book with pictures in of all the animals and he wrote on the cover To Mary May We Long Be Friends and May This Always Give Her Happy Memories. And he wrote it so nice even if it was in pencil and he tried to shade his writing like he does when he writes in ink. When I was cleaning the attic after Danny died on the electric chair and I had to move I found the book with all the pictures of the animals.

We went rowing on the lake but I was a little bit afraid and right at one place at the edge we found a duck sitting on a nest and Mr. Williams asked me how would I like to have a nest some day and I got all red and hot. We rowed for a while and then Mr. Williams let the boat go by itself and he said oh Mary you are so sweet today. I wanted to tell him I thought he was wonderful but I didn't know how to say it.

I got to thinking we would be late for supper but Mr. Williams said no we must take a walk in the park first before going home. And so we walked very slowly and he put my hand on his hand and

• MOTHERS • CRY •

he kept patting my fingers where they weren't covered by the glove and his arm felt so strong to lean on and all of a sudden I got very bold and I told him how I thought his arm was so strong. I was glad I did because he was so pleased and he said he liked me because I was so timid and shy and I thought what a gentleman he was because the boys on the block used to call me scare cat. I wished some of them would be near the stoop when I came in with Mr. Williams so they could see me coming home with him because he was so wonderful and fine.

Yes Mary Mr. Williams said strong men have to protect timid shy girls and you can always count on me.

And sure enough just as we were going up the steps two of the boys from the block were standing there and they looked so sort of young and small standing there and their clothes looked funny along side of Mr. Williams' Sunday suit. I was so proud and happy.

We had a cold supper because it was Sunday night and afterwards Mr. Williams said you must leave me alone with your mother because I have a secret with her. And so I cleared up the dishes and washed them while mama and Mr. Williams were having their secret in the parlor. They came back into the kitchen after me and they were both smiling and seemed pleased.

The next Sunday we went to Coney Island and we

• MOTHERS • CRY •

had a lovely time only Mr. Williams teased me because I wouldn't try to learn how to ride a bicycle and he said I couldn't hurt myself because they had a net over the back wheel of ladies' bicycles so we wouldn't catch our skirts but I was afraid to try. So he hired one for himself and I sat on a bench and watched him ride it for a while but he said it was no fun riding alone and then he said would I try a tandem but I said no please no. So he laughed and he kept singing all the way home in the car I can't afford a carriage but you'll look sweet on the seat of a bicycle built for two and he kept on saying that I'd have to learn how.

At the store it was getting nicer all the time. Mr. Williams began sending me notes in such a funny way. There was always a piece left in all the sales books after you tore out the sales slip and Mr. Williams would write a little note on this little piece of paper and when he gave me his sales slip it would drop on the desk. It was just like talking. He would write something like now give me a smile or I'm thinking of you or do you remember Sunday and I would have to make change and all just as if he hadn't said anything at all. It was so romantic I thought that we should both always have to pretend we weren't anything to each other at all when we were really such good friends.

Fanny Benson told the other girls on our floor and everybody was always teasing me just to see me get red and hot all over. But Mr. Williams said I mustn't care because they were only jealous.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

When Mr. Williams came the next Sunday I could see that something was going to happen because he winked at mama when he thought I wasn't looking and I saw mama moving her lips like she was asking him a question and Mr. Williams shook his head like he was saying yes yes.

When we went to sit in the parlor Mr. Williams said I want you to shut your eyes and give me your hands and I thought he was so original to say that because they always say shut your eyes and open your mouth. So I shut my eyes and I held out my hands and I felt him doing something to my fingers and he said now open your eyes and I opened them and I saw that I was wearing a ring.

It's only a friendship ring Mr. Williams said and it's to show that we'll always be friends and some day I hope that we'll be more than just friends. Then he took my hands in his hands and he kissed them and I thought I couldn't bear it because I was so happy and I wanted to cry and it seemed so silly to want to cry. The ring was a gold ring with a little gold heart and in the middle of the heart was a tiny red stone. That's a garnet Mr. Williams said. It's your birthstone. Your mother told me. So then I knew what their secret was.

I ran to mama right away and I did cry and mama said now there there Mary you're a young woman now and you mustn't act like a child. Now I guess you can say you're keeping company can't she Mr. Williams and Mr. Williams said yes.

When it was time for Mr. Williams to go home

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

he kissed my hands again and afterwards I kissed my hands too and I kept saying to myself all the time I'm keeping company I'm keeping company and all that night I couldn't sleep because I was so happy and so excited and I thought oh I'm the luckiest and happiest girl in all the world.

WE KEPT company for six months and all the girls at the store knew about it and they would say things to me and laugh and sometimes I wouldn't understand them. Fanny Benson was the worst. I used to tell her everything because I had to tell somebody and I told her not to tell but she did anyway. On Wednesdays Mr. Williams always brought me a box of candy and I always saved some for Fanny's lunch Thursday and while it was summer time Mr. Williams always brought me flowers on Sunday and I would bring one in on Monday for Fanny. I started to press one flower from every bouquet that Mr. Williams brought me but pretty soon the big dictionary got all full and papa said I would have to stop because they were making stains on the pages. So I took a few and I wrapped them in tissue paper and I kept them in my drawer.

It was lovely keeping company because now I had somebody to take me places. One time we went to a big hall and a man talked to us all about Africa and he had a magic lantern and the most wonderful pictures. They were colored to look like real and some of the animals were beautiful but I didn't like the pictures of the people who lived there because they looked so queer and they didn't wear

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

clothes. And one time we played croquet in Central Park. And one time he took me to a minstrel show. It was called Pell's minstrels and it was so funny. But I wouldn't try riding a bicycle. Mr. Williams said I would be perfect if only I would ride tandem with him because riding a bicycle was such fun. But I couldn't help it that I was afraid of it. Mama even said she would make me a skirt for it and Mr. Williams said yes and then we could use it for ice skating in the winter and to make it short so it wouldn't get tangled up in the skates and mama said yes they were putting lead weight taping on the bottoms of the shorter skirts so they would stay down around the ankles but I began to cry and said no please no and so they let me alone. But that was the only thing that ever came between Mr. Williams and me all the time we were keeping company. One time we took the elevator all the way out to the end and we went walking in the woods and we stopped at a farmhouse and had milk and cookies. And then after that they opened a zoo up in Bronx Park and we went up there twice because it was cleaner and nicer than the one in Central Park and there was a place there too where you could go on the river and there were hardly no people and we could talk so quietly and friendly. And little by little I tried calling him Frank and sometimes I could do it quite easily if I didn't stop to think about it.

Frank was just perfect in everything and he was

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

always the same to me good and kind. Papa used to ask him sometimes to go down with him to the corner to have beer or something and Frank always said he never minded what other people did but for him he just didn't care for it. And he would pat papa on the back and say have a good time old sport when papa went down alone. But Frank liked to smoke cigars and he liked to play billiards. He liked all kinds of games and he always said he wished I would like them too. He belonged to a club and they had two rooms downtown. They played ping pong there and Frank showed me how to play it on the dining room table and I thought it was fun. They played cards too but not for money at least most of the men didn't play for money but some did.

And mama said now I was keeping company I must look like a grown up young lady and she bought me a beautiful hat. It had three feathers on it and a big bow with wire inside so the bow would stand up. And mama showed me how to fix my hair in a pompadour so my hat would stay on nice and high. She bought me a set of combs with little flowers painted on them for my hair and Frank bought me two beautiful hat pins and they had little birds at the ends. Mama made me a new dress and it had eight gores in the skirt and a high collar. I didn't like the collar because it wasn't very comfortable on account of the bones always sticking in my neck and besides I had to change the ruching

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

around the neck nearly every day. And all the time I felt everything was so wonderful and I was so happy and I wished that keeping company would never stop.

IT GOT to be December and oh how we began to work at Landry's. All day long the store was so crowded with customers and we worked until ten o'clock every night. Frank never had any time any more to talk to me. He would just say will you hurry this through Miss Knight the customer is waiting and I would say yes Mr. Williams. I always did his slips first ahead of everybody else's. One day the supervisor came over to me with a customer and he said madam says she has been waiting twenty minutes for her package and her change what is holding it up. I said I was sorry I was doing the best I could and just then Frank passed by my desk and the customer said to the supervisor that's the man who waited on me. But I knew I didn't have any of Frank's slips because I always put his through first. So I said I haven't any slip for this customer and then she got very mad and the supervisor called over Frank.

Frank said yes he had put the sales slip through and he had put the money on my desk pinned together with the slip. It was five dollars and the sale was for four dollars and sixty three cents. I looked for it high and low and the supervisor was getting very angry with me and the customer was saying all kinds of things and I began to cry be-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

cause my desk was getting all filled up with other slips and everybody was looking at me so cross. Then Frank leaned over my desk as if he was looking for the slip and he whispered to me don't cry Mary I'll fix it up. So he turned to the customer and the supervisor and he said maybe he had left the slip on his counter and he would look again in his sales book too to make sure and pretty soon he came back and he said I'm sorry but it was all my fault because I left the slip on the counter and then he gave me the slip and a five dollar bill. He said again to the lady that he was very sorry but on account of the Christmas rush sometimes he forgot like that. The supervisor spoke rather cross to Frank and then Frank went away. I gave the customer her change and that was the end I thought.

But that night when I was cleaning up my desk I pulled it away from the wall so I could sweep behind it and I saw something fall on the floor. I picked it up and it was a sales slip for four dollars and sixty three cents and there was a five dollar bill pinned on to it. I stood there kind of not understanding for a minute and then it came to me the whole thing came to me like a flash and the tears came to my eyes because I realized that Frank was a noble man and that I would never never never be able to deserve to be his friend. And when I thought how he took the blame on himself and had paid five dollars out of his own pocket just to save me I couldn't get over it.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Frank waited for me every night to take me home because it was so late. I decided I wouldn't tell him anything about the slip until it was time to say good night but all the way home I could hardly talk because I kept thinking how noble Frank was just like in a book and maybe I would write to Mrs. Libbey about it so she could put it in a book and I felt that yes indeed he was my ideal. Frank didn't say much either on the way home. He looked kind of tired and I wondered if he was thinking of what he had done and the five dollars he had paid for me.

After ten o'clock they turned out the lights in the vestibule and it was always dark when we said good night. Tonight Frank took my hands in his hands like always and he kissed them and he said good night Mary dear but I held on to his hands and I told Frank how I found the slip and I opened my bag and I gave him the five dollars. And then I guess because it was dark I told him how much I thought of his wonderful action and how beautiful I thought it was and that he was my ideal and I guess I sort of whispered it low because everybody in the house was asleep and it was dark and still and quiet. Then Frank said he would do anything in the world for me anything at all and then before I knew it he had his arms around me and he was kissing my cheeks and saying oh Mary will you be my wife Mary will you marry me Mary and quick as anything I thought how nice it would be to be engaged for Christmas and to have a party a Christmas party and an engagement party all together. I

• MOTHERS • CRY •

whispered yes to him and he lifted up my face and he kissed me on the eyes and on my cheeks again and he was so gentle and tender with me and he said oh Mary you're all the world to me all the whole world. And I said and you're all the world to me Frank too and he said oh I love you so Mary and won't you please say you love me so I said I love you Frank and he kissed me again and I thought it was lovely to be kissed. So he said now we're engaged and I told him about my idea for a Christmas engagement party and he said that would be fine and I'll get you an engagement ring for the party he said. I wondered if he meant a real engagement ring with a diamond in it but I didn't dare ask him. So he kissed me again and then he asked me would I please kiss him so I did and we said good night and he went home and it was just beginning to snow and I stood downstairs by the door of the vestibule for a minute and I watched the snow coming down so soft and slow in the light of the gas lamp across the way and I felt just the same way sort of soft and slow and fuzzy and happy.

Mama was waiting for me upstairs like always and while I was eating the bread and ham and milk I told her about the engagement and she was so glad she cried a little. Mama always cries a little when she's happy and so do I too. She said she was so glad to hear the news tonight of all nights because Aunt Kate's Gussie had run away with an actor from the Academy of Music and she was so glad I wasn't Gussie's kind but then Aunt Kate had

• MOTHERS • CRY •

been a wild one too but I was too young to know about such things and it was better I shouldn't and even if Aunt Kate was her own sister all she could say was like mother like daughter. Then mama said not to tell papa about Gussie because whenever mama and papa had any trouble especially about papa going down to the corner so much he always brought things up like that. And mama said not that there weren't plenty of wild ones in papa's family too his uncle for instance who ran away with his partner's money and his buggy but it wasn't any use giving papa more excuses to go down to the corner. But mama said Frank Williams is going to make a wonderful husband as he proved by his deed today.

I was so tired that night from working so hard and from all the excitement I didn't have any time to think before I was fast asleep. But some nights it was lovely to lie and just think of all the beautiful life we were going to have together. I used to think how I would always try to be a good wife to him and if only I was a good wife I would always be happy. Well I was always a good wife to Frank. He said so often and often. He said it the morning of the day he died even. But Danny happened just the same.

We started getting things ready for the party right away. I asked the girls on my floor and Frank asked some of the men in his department and some of the men from his club. Mama asked Aunt Sarah and her cousin Bertha and her cousin Liz

• MOTHERS • CRY •

because Liz's boy played the violin and she asked my Uncle William too because Uncle William was a contractor and he was rich and mama said he would send me a fine present even if he couldn't come and of course we asked Aunt Kate. We hired some camp chairs and we made things to eat all Christmas Day. We made sandwiches and baked cakes and I made three different kinds of icing white and chocolate and pink and Jamey turned the freezer and then we made big layer cakes too and we fixed up the house with pine branches and with holly and we fixed up the sideboard and put boards in the table to make it big enough and we decorated them with red and green crepe paper and they looked wonderful after we put all the things to eat out. Mama baked a ham with brown sugar and cloves and we had pickles and nuts and raisins and oranges and apples. Papa made the punch and he put two bottles of wine in it and mama said seeing that it's Christmastime it didn't matter. And mama said we ought to have a plum pudding too so she made a big one and it steamed all day and the kitchen smelled so nice and papa got a little bottle of brandy ready to pour over it and light it. He said that was how they did it in the old country. And mama said yes papa always wanted to do things the way they did it in the old country especially when it came to liquor. But papa was really lovely. He got all the beer ready himself out of his own money.

We set up a Christmas tree in the parlor though

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

afterwards we had to move it out so we could dance and a lot of the ornaments broke when we moved it. I popped some corn and mama and Jamey dipped it in strawberry juice to make some of it pink and Jamey strung it and we hung it on the tree. Oh it was all such fun and such excitement.

When the people began to come they all cried out because everything looked so lovely. Everybody said it was simply wonderful. We cleaned the table off in the parlor for the presents and I had to stand there and unwrap them and I felt so silly. Uncle William didn't come but he sent a present like mama said he would and it was the most wonderful of all I think. It was a round thing made of looking glass with silver all around the edge and a glass pitcher and six glasses and they were all trimmed with silver. Aunt Kate said it was filigree work. I got so many lovely things though. I got a picture frame and it was all made of peacock feathers and I got a gas lamp and it was the latest thing. It looked just like the oil ones but all you had to do was to attach it to the gas. It had two big round globes in green with tulips painted on. And I got a set of six cups and saucers trimmed with pink flowers and gold around the rims and one of the girls from the store gave me a moustache cup for Frank and it had Father printed on it in gold letters and everybody laughed and said wasn't she a bit too soon and they made jokes. And I got a silver plated tray with a sugar bowl and a pitcher and a pot on it. And I got a lovely embroidered pillow

• MOTHERS • CRY •

top from another girl. It was an American flag waving and under it was embroidered In God We Trust. And I got three mottoes but two were the same God Bless Our Home but the designs were different. And I got a music box from Aunt Kate and we played it all night but it only had five pieces on it and we got tired of it after a while. And I got a newspaper holder. It looked like a picture in a frame but the picture came out on chains and you put the newspapers behind it. And I got two sets of pictures. One set was two Gibson ones and the other set was Little Boy Blue and Little Bo Peep and they were to hang in a bedroom. I got another picture too in a gold frame. It was a painted picture and it was called A Woodland Scene. And I got a green plush picture album. And I got two ash trays all made of cigar bands. Oh it was all so wonderful I felt I was living in a fairy story and I thought I could never be any happier than I was right then. But I was happier because the best of all was still coming.

Jerry who was Frank's best friend said now everybody please quiet because Frank here is going to present his gift to our lovely Mary. And so everybody laughed and then quieted down and Frank took out a small purple plush box from his pocket and opened it and took out the engagement ring and in front of everybody he put it on my finger. It was a real diamond! I couldn't stand any more and I began laughing and crying and everybody kissed me and Frank kissed me and everybody was picking

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

up my hand and looking at the ring and saying it was a beauty and it was too because it was nearly a carat and it was set so high I used to have to take it off to put my gloves on. Everybody was talking at once and carrying on and saying such nice things and all the time I felt I was the happiest and luckiest girl in all the world and oh I loved Frank I did I did.

It was a wonderful party. We played games and when we played postmaster and I went into the hall with Frank he kissed me on the mouth and it was the first time but Frank said now we are engaged and it's all right. Then somebody stuck their head out of the door to see us and Frank laughed and said rubber and everybody laughed. Then we all went into the dining room and everybody ate and ate and everybody said they never tasted such good things to eat and that they were stuffed and I guess they were because there was hardly a crumb left after they went home.

Then we cleared out the parlor and Liz's boy played a piece on the violin called The Moth and the Flame. And one of the girls from the store played on the piano and sang a new song called The Rosary but it was so sad. Fanny Benson recited a funny piece after that about a children's party. One of Frank's friends had a doll with him and he pretended the doll was speaking but I could see his lips move and I knew he was speaking himself but he made the doll say the funniest jokes about Republicans and Democrats. Then two of the girls

• MOTHERS • CRY •

hung up a sheet and put a lamp behind it and made the parlor dark and they made all kinds of funny shadows with things only sometimes you could see their hands too a little. Jerry recited Casey at the Bat and made it sound so real. I didn't understand it so much but all the men liked it a lot because they know all about baseball. And Frank and Jerry and two other men all sang together. First they sang Juanita and then Frank sang Waltz Me Around Again Willie and everybody liked the way he sang so much they wanted more and so he sang Little Annie Rooney and I felt like crying because I never knew how beautiful his voice was before. Then everybody began saying now Mary must play for us and so I sat down and I played the Poet and Peasant and everybody clapped so I guess I didn't make so many mistakes except I kept the loud pedal down through one of the soft parts but I don't think anybody noticed.

And then some of the older people went home and we had more room to dance. Liz's boy played on the violin and one of the girls from the store played on the piano and they never played together before but they got along wonderfully together. We danced the waltzes and Jerry showed us how to do the German. But I liked best when we danced the lancers and Jerry told us what to do and made us laugh by making his voice squeak all of a sudden or else making it roar all of a sudden and making jokes all the time. I kept losing my hairpins because it was so fast but it was such fun. And then

• MOTHERS • CRY •

it got to be late and even the young people began to go home and we found Jamey had hung a piece of mistletoe over the door and the ones who found out pulled over the ones who didn't know and kissed them and said ssh don't tell. But everybody knew in the end and everybody was kissing everybody else all in fun. And while everybody was standing there all dressed and ready to go home Jerry got up on a chair and made a speech. He said he knew he was speaking for everybody when he said they had all had the best time of their lives and now they wanted to wish us a happy life together Frank and me because Frank was one of the finest and I was the sweetest and gentlest girl he knew and if Frank hadn't got there first he would surely have courted me and everybody laughed at that. And then he got serious and he said never did any approaching marriage augur such marital felicity and we may all be sure that this union will require only the blessing of children to make it a paradise and to make it an example for all others. Then everybody clapped and cheered and Jerry said now let us all wish this happy couple a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and every blessing on earth and everybody shouted Merry Christmas and everybody kissed everybody else and everybody was so happy but I was the happiest of all.

Frank stayed until the last and mama left us alone. I thanked him for my ring and told him how happy I was and he said how happy he was and he said and I'll try my best to be a good husband

• *MOTHERS* • *CRY* •

to you Mary and I said I'll always try too to be a good wife Frank and to make you a nice home and then Frank kissed me again on the mouth and we stood very quiet and close for a little while and he said good night dear and I said good night and he asked me to say good night dear too so I did.

I could hardly sleep all that night. I couldn't understand how so many beautiful things could happen to me to Mary Knight.

ON SUNDAY when Frank came mama asked him when did he think we ought to get married and Frank said he would surely get a raise this New Years and then it would be nice to get married in May or June and I thought it would be nice too to be a June bride. Mama said yes that would give us time to get things ready like clothes and sewing for the house and she said she would give us a hundred dollars towards our home. Mama said she saved it out of my wages so it really belonged to me and Frank would have plenty of expenses anyhow. So Frank thanked her very much and we set the day for June fifth. Then mama said and I don't think you need to have a big wedding. You had a big engagement party and it would be better to save the money and spend it on the house. You never get back in presents what a party costs because folks always give silly things that sometimes you can't use. If only they would give pots and pans instead of tea sets and doilies. So Frank said yes we could get carpets for the floor for what a party would cost and so they decided we'd just go to the church to be married and come home to dinner to mama's. And mama thought it would be better for me to stop working in April so I could help her with all the sewing and all.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

After Frank went home mama and I went through my hope chest because I had some things in it already. I had two corset covers that Aunt Kate once gave me when she came back from Niagara Falls and I had a muslin nightgown that I made when I was going to the sewing circle at church and I had lots and lots of lace I made. Some of the lace was just hairpin lace and some was tatting and some was crochet lace. Mama said it would be lovely for trimming petticoats and nightgowns and drawers. I had some embroidered pieces too. I had a bureau scarf and a round centerpiece for the table and two pillow tops one was huckbuck and the other one was huckbuck too but it was a different design.

It was lovely being engaged. We got invited out a lot and everybody was so good to us. Frank took me to lots of places. He took me to see a play called Sherlock Holmes by a man named Gillette and it was the first time I ever saw a play and there was no singing in it and I think maybe I was a little bit disappointed. I liked minstrels better because there was music in minstrels. When it got warmer Frank was terribly extravagant and he hired a buggy and we went riding to all kinds of places. Frank still teased me sometimes because he wanted to buy a tandem.

When it came time to leave the store the girls were lovely. We had a sort of party down in the basement and they bought me a pink kimona trimmed with white fuzzy stuff and it was beautiful.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

And all the girls said how they envied me and wasn't I afraid to go away and leave Frank there all alone with them but I said no I could trust Frank any place in all the world. So they all kissed me good-bye and said how they would miss me even if I was so quiet all the time and they said I deserved all the good luck I would get. And I felt so sorry to go because I always liked Landry's. All the girls promised to come to see me after I was married.

After that mama and I had a terribly busy time. Oh we sewed and we sewed and we sewed and I thought we would never get everything sewed especially because mama wanted things sewed mostly by hand. Mama said it was much nicer and more high toned. And besides there was so much hemstitching to do. All the sheets and the pillow cases and the kitchen towels in red hemstitching and the hand towels in blue hemstitching and all the initials to sew on and W was such a flourishy letter. I told mama I wished I was marrying a man whose name began with I but mama said I should count my blessings. And table cloths to hem and embroider and napkins too. And then all my clothes. Shirts and drawers and princess slips and combinations and corset covers and nightgowns and petticoats. Mama said I had a trousseau that many a girl would envy. Fanny Benson used to come sometimes with the girls from the store and they used to help me and they thought my things were wonderful.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

We got a dressmaker to come for the top clothes. Mama said I must have enough clothes so Frank wouldn't have to buy me any for two years. The dressmaker made me two skirts and three shirt-waists that were so stylish now with little reverses and lovely high collars but the sleeves weren't quite so puffed as they used to be. But we bought a suit all made and it was so dear it was eleven dollars but mama said nowadays it was better to buy suits ready made than have them made at home and it came to nearly as much anyway. And we bought two pairs of shoes buttoned nice and high and lots of stockings. Mama bought six pairs mercerized and six pairs cotton. And we got ten percent off for everything that we bought at Landry's so it was very nice altogether.

Frank said why was I getting so much and so I told him mama said I mustn't ask him for money for clothes for two years and Frank laughed and said that everything he had was mine and he only wished he was very rich so he could buy me anything in the world that I wanted.

About the middle of May mama and Frank and I went around to buy furniture and we got such lovely things. We got a flat the next block from mama and they said we could move in our things right away and get them ready. We bought a three piece set for the parlor. It was mahogany with green velvet cushions a settee a rocker and an arm chair and mama gave us the piano. It was lucky

• MOTHERS • CRY •

the scarf for the piano was green because it just matched. We got a round table for the middle of the parlor and we put the green plush album on it. I made another green silk scarf for the mantel to match the one on the piano but I had a hard time getting the same kind of balls. And we got two lovely big vases for the mantel and a clock in the middle. The woodwork in the parlor was all mahogany too and we had green wall paper with sort of lighter green flowers on it. Our bedroom was kind of part of the parlor and so we hung green plush portieres between and when we got the green carpet on the floor the parlor looked lovely. Frank picked out the carpet and it looked so bright because it had such nice big pink flowers in it. I thought nobody in the world had such a nice parlor as ours especially to begin with right away and when we put up the pictures we had and got a little glass case for our little ornaments it looked simply elegant.

For the bedroom we got a big brass bed and a bird's eye maple dresser and on one side of the top of the dresser I put my silver hair brush and comb that I got for Christmas and on the other side I put Frank's that I got for him to match mine.

The dining room was nice too only we didn't have enough money to buy a carpet right away and Frank said we would get it afterwards. But we had a nice square table with five chairs and an armchair in golden oak and a big sideboard and a china

• MOTHERS • CRY •

closet. And we bought a black leather couch so Frank could lie down after supper at night and rest while I cleared up. Mama gave me all her Satin Gloss wrappers and she had three hundred saved up and we got some cut glass for them and we got rubber stands for the cut glass and put them on the sideboard and it looked wonderful and I put our dishes in the china closet the tea set and all and that looked wonderful too. Only the floor looked so bad and so I said couldn't we save on something and just buy oilcloth for the floor and mama said yes that was a good idea so we did. It was a nice pattern all brown with big flowers and it looked just as nice as carpet and it was easier to keep clean and I was sure we'd be able to get a new carpet next year sure.

I wanted to have a nice kitchen and afterwards I was glad I made it so nice because it got sort of silly eating in the dining room and seemed so much extra work and Frank and I began to eat in the kitchen because it was much cosier and in the winter it was so nice and warm in the kitchen. I got fancy paper for the shelves and nice oil cloth for the floor and I polished the stove so you could just eat from it it was so clean and I made curtains for the windows and I covered the wash tubs with white oil cloth and got white oil cloth for the kitchen table.

And there was such a lot to attend to I thought I would never get finished. I had to get a lineman to put up a line for the wash and I wanted irons

• MOTHERS • CRY •

with wooden handles that came off instead of the old-fashioned kind of iron of one piece and a box to put in the kitchen window for food and all kinds of things to remember to buy a washboard and a boiler and ironing board and pots and frying pans and strainers and a baking board and a rolling pin and a cereal set and a spice set and so many little things. I was so tired.

But it came June fifth at last and I wore a white dress and a veil and Frank wore a new dark blue serge suit and a new derby hat and he looked so handsome. Lots of friends came to the church but only the family came home to mama's for supper afterwards but no one minded and they threw rice at us when we got into the carriage to go home and they laughed at us. The children were standing on the sidewalk and laughing because they looked so funny when they saw themselves in the shininess of the carriage and a man tried to chase them away. But I told him to let them alone and then all of a sudden I wanted to get out and see myself too. And so I got out and there I was all sort of pressed down and fat and sort of curved out and in and when I moved it made all kinds of funny shapes and I laughed and laughed and laughed and I asked Frank for some pennies and I gave them to the children and then I got into the carriage again and somehow I wanted to cry because I thought how now I was grown up and I was married and I got terribly afraid and I wished I was a little girl again and I leaned up close to Frank. And Frank leaned

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

my way and we drove away home to mama's and we had a quiet supper and everybody gave us advice and told Frank to take care of me and at last Frank and I got up when nobody was looking and we went to our own house.

I LOVED it being married. All except one thing. I guess maybe I had some idea such a thing was going to happen but somehow I never let myself think about it much. Mama said to me a week after we were married that maybe she ought to have told me some more about being married but I told her not to worry it was all right. Frank was always kind about it but he didn't quite understand how surprised I was. I minded at first but afterwards I didn't mind so much except like when Frank once suddenly got like that in the middle of dinner. He was looking at me kind of funny. We were only finished with soup and the cutlets were on the table and so were the potatoes and they were both lovely and hot and then Frank got up and he said Oh Mary I love you so and he came around to my chair and began kissing me that way and I felt so upset because when we came back again to the table the cutlets were all cold and so were the potatoes and they didn't taste as nice warmed over.

But all the rest of being married I liked very much. I liked to get up in the morning and to get breakfast ready while Frank was dressing and to sit down with him in my pretty pink kimona. Frank would kiss me good-bye then and I would clear up

· M O T H E R S · C R Y ·

the kitchen and make the bed and sweep and dust. I washed on Mondays and I ironed on Tuesdays and I mended and cleaned silver on Wednesdays and washed the cut glass in ammonia and water. I was home alone for lunch and so I didn't fuss much and right after lunch I went to do the marketing. I liked to buy the things that Frank liked to eat and I knew already pretty much what he liked. Then in the afternoon I had nothing to do and I would go and visit mama or do some sewing and pretty soon it would be time to get supper ready and then oh how lovely it was to hear Frank coming up the stairs and I would run to the door as soon as I got my hands wiped and he would give me such a hug.

Then a funny thing happened to me and I asked mama about it and if it had anything to do with being married and mama laughed and kissed me and said we'll wait a week or so more to make sure but I think you're going to have a baby. If you feel like vomiting in the mornings that's a sure sign. She said I better not tell Frank though till we were sure. So then a few more weeks passed by and one morning right while I was in the middle of making Frank's breakfast I got such a spell and I felt like all my insides were coming up and I lay down and when it passed I cried and cried. And Frank got so worried and said should he call a doctor and I said no it's because I'm going to have a baby and Frank began to kiss me all over and I was afraid he would be late for work and so I told him he

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

mustn't any more and he must hurry so he said oh Mary I'm sorry you feel sick but you won't feel like this for a long time and I'm so glad we're going to have a baby. So I was glad too and after Frank went to work I felt better again and mama told Frank that if he would give me my coffee and something to eat in bed before I got up I wouldn't feel so bad and so he did every morning for a long time and I didn't feel so bad when I got up but I didn't like to have Frank waiting on me. And then after about a month I didn't feel bad in the mornings any more.

It got to be New Years and I remember how different that New Years was from all the other New Years because everybody said we were beginning a new century and everybody was so serious about it and saying what will the next hundred years bring and I thought wasn't it nice to have a baby born in a brand new year like 1900. And then my skirts began to feel tight and my blouses too and I didn't wear any extra ruffles any more on my corset covers because I got so big there. Mama said I must go to see a doctor now and I was so glad because I wasn't feeling very good on account of such awful heart-burn. The doctor said I was fine and he told me to take soda so I did nearly all the time and I felt much better because it would make the gas come up and Frank said I was just like a volcano belching all the time but I didn't think he ought to make jokes about it. And mama helped me to make a

• MOTHERS • CRY •

special dress to wear and I had to move the hooks all the time to make it big enough.

Frank was wonderful to me. He never let me carry anything heavy and in the morning before he went to work he carried up the pails of coal from the cellar for me and he said I must get a little boy and give him a few pennies to carry my bundles for me. He made such a fuss about me I was ashamed always petting me and jumping up to bring me things. But he helped me with the dishes and I was glad because I was getting such a tired feeling all the time and after February I didn't want to move much at all but just wanted to lie or sit still and Frank got me a young Polish girl to help me with the housework because I was getting so heavy on my feet but she was such a trial I couldn't make her understand a thing and she wasn't clean like I wanted her to be. And all the time I kept noticing all the changes in my body and wondering about them and taking all the medicines the doctor told me to take and taking the soda almost all the time.

We went to the doctor again and he said why she's going to have a boy sure as you know. And Frank laughed and it came on me how all these months I was so busy watching myself and thinking of myself I almost forgot that it would be a baby a real person. I don't know how to explain only I just thought about it all happening and still being me the swellings and the kickings in my stomach and the soda and having to go to the toilet all the time and sewing clothes because it was nice to make

• MOTHERS • CRY •

little things but not really thinking about the baby being outside of me at all.

I got everything ready just like the doctor told me to all the things clean and boiled like he wanted and the old clean rags and all the things for the baby that mama and I had sewed and knitted and crocheted and the three dozen diapers I hemmed all by myself by hand. I felt just like a lump of lead and mama began staying with me all day long now so if anything happened she could run down to the drug store and telephone to the doctor and so she could send somebody to get Annie because Annie was going to help me afterwards until I could walk around again and Annie had helped mama when I was born and when Jamey was born.

One morning right after Frank left I got an awful stomach ache just like I ate something and it didn't agree with me. Mama said to wait awhile and see if another came. Then I felt sort of better and I tried to clear up a little but I got an awful stomach ache again. And then I got another one and pretty soon another one and I got sort of frightened. So mama sent Mrs. Henricks downstairs to telephone to the doctor and when she came back she sent her to fetch Annie. I was beginning to cry a little and mama said now don't get scared this isn't the first baby born in the world and afterwards you'll forget all about it. About lunch time I thought I couldn't stand it any more and I kept hopping around sort of on one foot and on the other and I asked mama to please send for Frank but mama said we mustn't

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

drag Frank away from the store before we needed him and he couldn't help me. But I wanted Frank so much because mama kept telling me I must be brave but Frank never expected me to be brave and he always let me cry if I wanted to.

The doctor came pretty soon and he said I must go right to bed and he said everything is fine and in an hour or two it will all be over. But I felt so miserable when I thought I would have to wait so long because I thought I couldn't stand it now so what would I be like in an hour or two. But pretty soon I couldn't think of anything but just pressing and pressing and pressing and I felt like nothing was real any more but that I was in a place where I never was before and all the people were people I never saw before and I kept pressing and groaning and screaming and it seemed like it was never going to end and then I heard someone say here's Frank now and right in the middle of everything I thought what a sight I must look like and all this mess and me all naked and I was ashamed for Frank to see it all so bloody and so I screamed make him wait outside and just then a terrible terrible one came and I screamed again keep out Frank and the baby was born. And I heard mama say it's a boy isn't it wonderful it's a boy and I said let me see and when I saw him I had the funniest feeling. I felt just like I could hardly believe it. And I kept saying to myself it's mine. And he was crying so and he had red hair and his face was all red and his hands were waving around in such tight fists and

• MOTHERS • CRY •

he was screaming and screaming and I wanted to laugh and I did laugh because somehow the way he screamed and was so mad because he was born made me want to laugh because I was so glad. The doctor said he's a fine healthy young one all right and as soon as we get all cleaned up here we'll let that impatient husband of yours come in. And I said yes yes yes we must hurry and show him to Frank right away.

So Annie washed and dressed the baby and he went right to sleep and they washed me and I put on my nicest nightgown the one with six rows of beading with pink ribbon pulled through and when everything was all out of the way Frank came in and do you know he wouldn't even look at the baby but he just kissed me all over my face and my hands and my neck and he said how wonderful I was and I felt oh so wonderful too just like I had done such a wonderful thing. I made him look at the baby and Frank said where did we get that red head from and mama said why papa had a red headed brother once the one who ran away—and then mama stopped and said something else.

We'll call him Daniel Williams like we said we would if it was a boy Frank said and I said yes but I'm going to call him Danny. Frank's father's name was Daniel. And I kept saying to myself all the time Danny Danny Danny and then I guess I fell asleep and pretty soon I woke up again and it was supper time I guess. Mama gave me some beef tea and crackers and then they brought Danny to me

• MOTHERS • CRY •

and at first he couldn't eat. He just couldn't grab hold right but afterwards when mama tried and Annie tried I tried again and then he got it and ate fine and I was so happy. It was a different kind of happiness from anything I ever felt before. I felt like I had made something—like I had done something very special something very beautiful and very noble. So I kept looking at him while he was eating and thinking I *made* you I *made* you and I felt just like an angel must feel that there was never any badness in the world only goodness and happiness and love. And I was proud and I felt like I could respect myself more. And all the time he kept right on sucking and sucking and I thought how I would have him all day tomorrow and all day the next day and the next and I shivered with being so happy. Then he fell asleep and I watched him and all I could think of was the baby I made and I never thought of the man that he might be.

IT WAS hard but I didn't mind. Danny woke me up at six o'clock in the morning and I nursed him and changed him and then it was time to get Frank ready for work. And after he went to work I gave Danny his bath and then it was time to nurse him again. Then I had to clean the house and wash the baby's diapers and his clothes and have my lunch and nurse the baby again and all day long it was Danny Danny Danny. He got the colic too I guess my milk was too rich or something and after that I had to hold him all the time because he cried so awfully and I had to put hot things on his stomach and pat his back to help him bring up the wind and sometimes he cried all night and Frank was so good he would walk with him up and down to try to make him fall asleep and if I fell asleep after I nursed the baby at six o'clock in the morning Frank let me sleep and he got up and made the fire himself and got his own breakfast.

I tried to do everything I could to please Frank. I kept his clothes all mended and clean and I made him all the things he liked to eat because I felt Frank was a wonderful husband. And I think Frank was very happy.

But everything was harder with Danny. After I weaned him I had to buy him things to eat the doc-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

tor told me to and they were dear. Frank said he would stop smoking cigars and he said one of the boys in the club showed him how to make his own cigarettes. He bought the papers all made up in little round things and they were hard half the way up and he had a funny little machine that put the tobacco in and he pushed the tobacco down with his moustache curler because it was just the right size.

Frank always liked to look nice and on Sunday mornings I used to just watch him because I could see how much pleasure it gave him to get all fixed. He would begin early in the morning and he would take out his stone to sharpen the razor and he would wet it with some special stuff and he would sharpen and sharpen and sharpen. And then he would take his leather strop and he would rub the razor up and down and pull out his hair to try and see if it was sharp enough. And the way he did it all was just like when I bathed the baby and I think he liked it just as much. Then he would cut a newspaper into small squares and after he put the soap on his face he would take it off with the razor and make little dabs of it on the paper. Frank was so neat and tidy and the little dabs were always so even on the pieces of paper. And afterwards he would make his little round iron hot and put wax on it and curl his moustache. And then he would come over to me and kiss me because I told him once I loved to kiss him after he curled his moustache because the

- MOTHERS - CRY -

warm and soft like in it and he smelted so warm and
happy and then around the month.

It was Christmas time when I married the baby
and so happy and I could think more now but in a
few weeks after Christmas when another new year
was just beginning I knew I was going to have an-
other baby.

Everything was just the same as it was before only
now I had so much work I couldn't let myself get
sick. I was glad I could all of Daddy's baby things
so I didn't have such a lot to sew but we had to
sew for the doctor and so I did nearly everything
myself when I was getting big and heavy again.
And Daddy was making new ties and that made it
hard because I couldn't have him done for a while
so he was always getting into something. He
pulled the red table cloth off the dining room table
and I had a blue cloth on it and it all broke. He
was always wanting to get into the coal and I had
to wash him a dozen times a day. I tried to push
some chairs together and have him play inside the
chairs but he climbed over them and he fell and
cried and I had to press a cold knife where he got
an awful bump.

Archie was born in September and I felt it all over
again that wonderful feeling like when the bishop
once came to our church and he talked about the
joy of being good and it was the way I felt I
mean the way his voice sounded when he said it.
And I felt again now I had done something so won-
derful and all the time I lay in bed I couldn't think

• MOTHERS • CRY •

how I would ever be any happier than I was right after I had a baby.

And I didn't mind having to work harder because now Danny was getting big and he wouldn't let me hold him much or love him but the new baby I could love all I wanted and it was always so lovely to rub my nose in his new hair and to smell him. It made me feel like I was drunk when I smelled him. Frank was all the time talking of when they would grow up but I couldn't understand him when he talked like that because I could never feel they were people themselves. They always seemed like they were just part of my life just sort of things happening to me. All my time was just filled up with the things I had to remember to do for them with barley water and tablespoons of this and that. I got the grippe when Artie was six weeks old and I had to wean him so I had to give him bottles and it was awful how careful I had to be boiling everything and always scorching my fingers with the hot things. And everything I was always doing for the children I always thought about as something that was part of my life and I couldn't really think of the babies as Daniel Williams or Arthur Williams. They were just my babies and I was sometimes dead with tiredness for them and sometimes so happy for loving them that I was dead too with that.

And when Artie was four months old I was in the family way again. I got a little bit frightened about it at first but when I got to thinking about it

• MOTHERS • CRY •

I thought how Frank had just got a new raise and I still had some baby things left. I could still use the baby carriage but the umbrella on it was so faded from the sun and so I thought I'd better try to dye it over myself and maybe I could fix the ruffle on it where it was ripped a little. And I could put Artie to sleep with Danny in his crib and the new baby could have Artie's wash basket and I'd put some new ribbon around it. It made the bedroom kind of crowded with our big bed and the crib and the wash basket but in the night we put the crib and the basket out in the parlor and pulled back the portieres. It wasn't nice to have beds in the parlor but it was in the night and nobody could see it.

So Jenny was born in the fall. I was glad I had a girl at last because you can make such pretty things for a girl. I used to see such pretty things for little girls in May Manton's and I'd feel so bad that I didn't have a girl to make them for but now I could make them. And everything was the same all over again only I cut off the bottoms of Danny's baby dresses because they were kind of worn out and the doctor said that such long skirts were too heavy for a baby and a baby's feet should be able to kick around without such yards and yards of clothes. But Jenny never looked so nice as Danny and Artie did when they were babies in their long clothes. Artie was beginning to walk now. Artie had black hair and black eyes and he didn't look like anybody in the family but sort of a little bit like everybody in different expressions in his face.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Papa used to tease me and say he looked like the grocer but mama said he mustn't say things like that to me and she was very mad. But Jenny looked just exactly like me and mama. She was a quiet baby and would lie so still all day or maybe talk to herself a little but not loud or noisy and she didn't seem to need so much of me. Frank was crazy about her from the minute she was born. I used to say he never looked at me any more but it was Jenny Jenny all the time with him. But Frank said he liked Jenny so much because she was just another me all over again.

And so here I was a mother of three children but I didn't have much time to think about it and the funniest thing of all was that I was already three months on in the family way again before I knew it. It was because I was still nursing Jenny and I couldn't tell because while I was nursing Jenny I was stopped anyway.

I wasn't sick or anything but my milk began making Jenny sick so I went to the doctor and he told me that was what was the matter with me.

You poor child the doctor said you can't go on like this. Why you aren't even twenty-two years old and you have three already. Listen to me you take this medicine tonight after you take a good hot bath and I think it will do the trick because this is just the right time for us to do it and you don't have to have the baby. So he gave me a bottle of brown stuff and I took it home.

Frank was going to his club that night right after

• MOTHERS • CRY •

supper and I didn't say anything to him about the medicine. After I cleared up the kitchen and washed some diapers and fixed Danny some stockings for tomorrow I took the medicine out of my pocketbook and I put it on the kitchen table and then I took a teaspoon out of the kitchen drawer and I put it down beside the bottle and I just sort of sat there.

And while I was sitting I was thinking of all the work I had to do with the house and with Frank and with the three children and how now Frank's money was getting so it wasn't really enough and only this morning eggs had gone up to sixteen cents a dozen and milk was four cents a quart and butter was going up to twenty-six cents a pound and how nearly every week I had to put in a quarter in the gas meter. And I thought how I didn't have any new clothes since I was married except a dress to wear when I was getting big with a baby and I wasn't dressed fit to go out on a Sunday any more to Central Park even because of course we never had any money to go to places and I couldn't go anyway because I couldn't leave the children alone. And I thought how Frank said he would need a new suit soon because he had to look nice at the store and that would mean fifteen dollars and I didn't know where we would get it from.

And all of a sudden I thought to myself how I never even had time to see myself in a looking glass now and I wondered if maybe I changed any so I got the looking glass down from behind the kitchen

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

door the one that Frank used when he shaved himself and I looked at myself. I didn't have time now to make any more pompadours and so my hair was all flat and the hair that used to be bangs was always coming down around my face in strings. And I looked so tired and I felt so tired. So I took the cork out of the bottle of the brown stuff and then I began to cry. I didn't know why I was crying and I said you're a fool Mary what are you crying about. But I felt miserable and I kept on crying. And then I knew I was crying because I wanted my baby. I wanted a baby again. Jenny was beginning to sit up already and pretty soon she'd be running around with Artie and Danny and I wouldn't have any baby. And I wanted that feeling all over again that I got after the babies were born feeling so wonderful and like heaven. What difference did it make anyway three or four. Danny was nearly three and he could go downstairs by himself to play and he could put his shoes and stockings on by himself and pretty soon he wouldn't be much trouble. And Artie would be able to go downstairs to play soon too. I didn't like it so much for the children to play in the street especially after the time Gertie Sancher got run over and the horse kicked her and they had to take out her eye. But I could watch them sometimes from the window only Danny didn't mind me when I told him to get off the gutter onto the sidewalk. It didn't matter anyway all I wanted was that feeling again that I had done something wonderful. I couldn't bear it

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

to think of killing it when it was all alive really inside of me. I always rested when I was nursing and fifteen minutes seven times a day was nearly two hours I rested—so what was I complaining about though sometimes I had to get up and turn down the gas if something was cooking too quick or maybe pull Artie out of something.

And so I put the cork back on the bottle and I put the bottle away in the sideboard but then I got afraid so I went back to the sideboard and I took it out again and I took the cork out and I let the medicine run down the sink. It smelled awful and I was glad I didn't take it.

But I didn't know when the brown stuff was running down the sink that three lives were running down the sink too.

THE new baby was another girl and I thought that this time I would like to give her a pretty name and Frank said he thought Beatrice was a pretty name and I said yes it was. Only after awhile Frank and I got to calling her Beatty. I guess I was the happiest of all when Beatty was born because I had so nearly lost her so after I got out of bed I had a sort of small party just for mama and papa and papa made Frank drink beer and they both got kind of funny and they sang Old Budweiser's A Friend of Mine and it was the first time I ever saw Frank that way.

And that night when I was lying in bed I thought now I have four children and I'm not even twenty-three. I have Danny and he's three and a half and I have Artie and he's two and I have Jenny and she's one and I have Beatty and she's only three weeks not really anything at all. And I laughed to myself and I guess I was happy.

But in the daytimes I didn't have time to think like that and I just worked and worked. Every once in a while I looked out of the window to see how Danny was and once I heard him saying a dirty word and I told him he must come upstairs but he didn't come he just hollered up lemme alone and he ran away. But Danny wasn't bad. Lots of

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

times when I put him to bed in the night he hugged me and he kissed me and said good night so nice.

But sometimes he didn't want to go to bed and I would have to drag him and he would scream and kick and one time he kicked me so hard I couldn't help it and I made a little cry and Frank came running to see what was the matter and I said it wasn't anything but Danny said and I'll kick you too if you try to put me to bed and Frank got black in the face and he said did you kick your mother and Danny said yes and I'll kick you too and before I could say anything Frank grabbed Danny and he grabbed the first thing that came handy and it was his own shoe on the floor where he left it when he changed into his slippers when he came home from the store and he began to beat Danny and I screamed Frank Frank stop you're killing him and Frank stopped and saw me crying there and he threw Danny down on the bed and he ran out of the house and he slammed the door and he only had his slippers on.

Danny was screaming and crying and sort of shuddering like and I was crying and we both cried together and Danny held on to me and kept saying oh mama oh mama and I took him in my arms and I began to sing to him and pretty soon he stopped shuddering and he fell asleep and I put him in his bed.

So after that I made up my mind I must never tell Frank anything about Danny. It was only because

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Frank loved me so much that he did it because Frank was so kind and so gentle always and that was the only time all the time we were married that Frank ever did such a thing. So I tried to handle Danny myself afterwards and it was hard because the only way I could do anything with him was by promising him things.

Artie made trouble too but it was only baby mischief and he never really meant anything by it but he was always wanting to touch things and to look inside of things and he didn't tease me for things the way Danny did and he could play by himself for a long time and if I had time to explain to him he always did the way I wanted him to.

Jenny was a darling. She was just beginning to walk and to talk and she never gave me a minute's trouble. She was always the same quiet and sweet. Danny didn't like Artie or Jenny and sometimes he would try to pinch them but Artie was very strong and he could hit back.

When Beatty was born mama said she looked just like Aunt Kate's Gussie. Mama told me that now Gussie was a real bad woman that the actor she ran away with never married her and now she just sat in saloons all the time and some people said she even smoked cigarettes and she put red stuff on her cheeks and she made her hair yellow. But I said to mama never fear Beatty wouldn't turn out that way. But I really didn't think much about how they would turn out because it was always so hard to think of the babies being grown up people. So

• *MOTHERS* • *CRY* •

for the time being all I could see about Beatty was a tiny little bit of a thing all dark complected with black hair a little bit curly and I thought how I had one light boy though Danny was really red haired and one dark boy and one light girl and one dark girl and I thought it was sort of nice to have them that way so kind of even like.

IT WAS terribly hard the next year. Every night when I went to bed I wondered how I could ever get up in the morning. It was so hard to make the money go around and I guess I sort of gave up the idea altogether that we'd ever be able to get a carpet for the dining room.

Frank helped me some but he was tired too from working in the store all day and he liked to lie down for a little after supper and read. Frank used to read such a lot and that's why he always talked so nice. He picked up bargains down in Landry's basement—books that were a little dirty maybe or had a page torn and he got lots of lovely books that way. He got *To Have and To Hold* and *Lady Rose's Daughter* the one Mrs. Ward wrote last and *Choir Invisible* and *Graustark*. He wanted me to read them but I couldn't keep my eyes open I was always so tired.

I wanted the children to be neat and clean but with Danny and Artie and Beatty down on the street they always got so dirty and every night I had a tub full of washing to do for the morning. I didn't like them playing down on the streets because nearly every day maybe an automobile would pass and Danny always ran away after it for maybe two blocks so he could yell get a horse get a horse get a

• MOTHERS • CRY •

horse and make the man mad. And once Artie was lost for a whole afternoon and we found him in the ice man's cellar playing with wooden boxes he found there. But I couldn't keep them upstairs because they had to have some fresh air. Then all that winter everybody had a cold and I spent nearly six dollars just buying Peruna for them and in the end Artie got the measles and Danny got them right afterwards and so did Jenny. Only Beatty didn't get them. And it was awful trying to keep them in bed and they were all crying at once all day long and for a while they were so sick.

When it got to be spring Frank and I tried to take the children out to the park Sunday afternoons and it was nice to see all the fine people riding in their carriages on Fifth Avenue only we had to carry Beatty all the way because we didn't have a go-cart for her. The one we had was all broken now but I saved the wheels because I knew the boys would want them when they got bigger to make express wagons out of grocery boxes.

Frank was a wonderful husband to me. He took his own breakfast in the mornings all the time and he fixed his own lunch to take with him to the store and he tried to make the beds before he left. Sometimes he would even get time to help Danny and Artie get dressed but he always got time to dress Jenny because he was so crazy about her. In the night he used to wash her and put her to bed and tell her stories and make her laugh. We did used

• MOTHERS • CRY •

to get some time to talk together because on his club nights I would sit up for him and he would come in with hot buns from the bakery on the corner and I'd make some cocoa or coffee to drink. It was the night I always mended the children's clothes and so there would always be a lot of buttons and cotton and stockings and sweaters and Frank's shirts and his undershirts and underdrawers lying on the table. We'd clear them off and then sit down and talk. Frank would tell me about things down at the store or maybe things that were happening like the man that went up in the air in a machine for flying and the kitchen would be so quiet and I would feel happy to be just listening.

Sunday mornings Frank always mended the children's shoes and he was very good at it and it saved such a lot of money. He could put new tips on even besides soles and heels and he had a little iron stand like a real shoemaker has and he knew how to sew the soles on instead of nailing them and he knew how to put copper tips on Danny's shoes. Shoes were so dear nearly two dollars a pair and the children seemed always to be needing them.

One night when Frank came home from club and I was feeling pretty tired I asked Frank was he sorry we had four children and he said no he wasn't sorry because maybe it was hard now but just think how wonderful it will be when they're all grown up and working and then we can sit back and rest. And then he said to me you don't mind Mary dear do you. And I said of course not Frank and I guess

• MOTHERS • CRY •

maybe I didn't because Frank was so good. So then Frank said but don't worry now about more children because we aren't going to have any because the doctor told me what to do. I guess I got kind of red and Frank laughed and he kissed me and said Mary if you had twenty children you'd always be like a girl about such things.

But just the same I worried and worried and worried about trying to make Frank's money do. Coal and wood and six people to feed and milk five cents a quart and meat eighteen cents a pound and fifty cents a week for insurance. I wanted to let the insurance go and just then papa died and when I saw how mama was able to pay for his funeral out of the insurance money and how she had a little left to buy a cigar store with I decided maybe we'd better keep it up.

Mama made the best of it and fixed up her little shop very nice. She put the Indian man down in the cellar because she said they were old fashioned now and afterwards a man gave her twenty-five dollars for it. She put in stationery too besides cigars and cigarettes and she kept candy for the children on the block and kept a newspaper stand outside. Then she had a telephone put in the store too and she let people on the block use it and they had to pay her two cents extra and when she called people down from their houses to talk on the telephone she charged three cents because she had to give the little boy that she sent a penny too. I thought mama was very clever to think of all that

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

and Frank said yes mama was a good business woman. Jamey took a job in a factory where they were making horseless carriages because Jamey said pretty soon everybody would use them and he said it was a growing business too but Frank said Jamey was going too far when he said that some day they wouldn't ever use horses at all. Jamey gave mama half his wages and so mama wasn't bad off only now she was so busy she couldn't help me any more at all.

I wouldn't have minded half so much if it weren't for Danny but I had to worry such a lot about him all the time. When papa died mama gave me her phonograph. She said it wasn't right for her to play music when she was in mourning but with little children in the house it was different and it wouldn't be such a sin if I took it in our house. It was a kind of old fashioned one and the records weren't flat like they were making them now but they were round and they called them discs. The Edison company wasn't making them any more and mama only had just six left. We all got to like the phonograph such a lot. We kept it in the parlor but sometimes I carried it in the kitchen and I played it when I was working or I played it for the children when they were good. And the children liked it so much. We had Annie Laurie and Nearer My God to Thee and Take Back the Heart That Thou Gavest and the Blue Danube and Sing Me to Sleep and Meet Me in St. Louis Louis Meet Me at the Fair. Oh we were all crazy about it and once

• MOTHERS • CRY •

when Fanny Benson came with her husband and her little girl we played it for her too and I didn't feel so poor like and she liked it too. The piano was locked now all the time and I was forgetting my pieces but I didn't feel so badly because I thought well we have the phonograph and that makes music for us.

Well Danny was always nagging me for this and for that and always wanting pennies but I never had many pennies to give and besides Danny bought such terrible things with his pennies. A man used to come around with a piece of ice and a round thing to scrape it with and he would scrape the ice into a ball with the round thing and put it on a piece of newspaper and sprinkle some red sweet stuff on it from a dirty bottle and sell it for a penny. Danny would tell me he wanted a penny for chocolate but he told me lies such a lot and he would buy the ice and things like that and twice he had a bilious attack and he vomited for two days.

Well one day he said he wanted a penny to go on the merry-go-round. We could both of us hear it playing downstairs on the corner so I knew he was telling the truth this time. It was only a little thing with seats for eight children and so small a horse pulled it around on the streets and the man made it go by turning a handle himself and it was the same handle that made the music too. I thought I might as well give Danny the penny so I went to my pocketbook to get it and I saw I didn't have any money and then I remembered I forgot to ask

• MOTHERS • CRY •

Frank for any that morning. All the time I was looking we could hear the music playing from the corner and Danny kept jumping up and down and saying hurry up hurry up he'll go away he'll go away. So I told Danny I didn't have any penny and he began to scream and he said yes you have you have only you don't want to give it to me you're bad and so I showed him my empty pocketbook but he said you're hiding it away because you're bad and I said no I really didn't have any money but he screamed louder and louder that he wanted a penny a penny a penny. Just then the music stopped on the corner and Danny ran to the window and I went too but the man wasn't going away yet because as soon as some more children climbed on he started it again and when Danny heard the music again he threw himself on the floor and kicked out wild and screamed and cried give me a penny he's going away give me a penny before he goes away I want a penny. Then the music stopped again and Danny ran to the window and I went too and this time the man was climbing up into his seat and the horse was pulling the carousel away because all the children on the block had their rides. When Danny saw the carousel go away around the corner he began throwing himself around terribly and throwing down the chairs and crying and shrieking bad words at me so I went into the dining room and I could hear him throwing the piano stool down and then I heard a terrible crash and I ran in the front again to the parlor and there was Danny standing still—

MOTHERS · CRY ·

his eyes on fire and his face like a devil's and on the floor was the phonograph and all the discs smashed to bits. And all Danny said was there now will you give me a penny.

I took him and locked him in the toilet but he yelled that he'd throw himself out of the window if I didn't let him out and we were three flights up so I let him out and he ran down the stairs.

I went to the kitchen to get the broom and the dustpan to clear up the parlor and when I went into the parlor again all of a sudden I just sort of sank down on the floor and I just sat there in the middle of all the broken discs and I cried and I cried and I cried. The horn of the phonograph was all bent and I remembered how glad I was it had been green and matched everything in the parlor and I knew we could never hear the music any more because we couldn't get any more discs and we'd never have enough money to buy another phonograph and it came on me how poor we were and I couldn't stop crying. And I thought what would I tell Frank because I couldn't tell him Danny did it so I thought how I would have to lie to him and say it fell down when I was dusting. And I just sat there on the floor and I looked around at the parlor. The furniture was full of scratches now and there was a brand new big scratch on top of the piano stool from the iron things we put on Danny's heels. And suddenly everything looked so shabby the gold on the picture frames was wearing off and the wall paper was kind of faded and the place where we had a

• MOTHERS • CRY •

looking glass once only now it was broke showed darker and the piano scarf was faded and lots of the balls had fallen off and there was a big tear in the scarf on the mantel and the carpet was full of spots and rubbed off places and now we kept the folding bed that Danny and Artie slept on in the parlor and the cover for it didn't go all the way around because I made it out of one of mama's portieres and I didn't have enough so on one side the bed showed and you could see it was a folding bed. The cover from the green plush album was torn too and I was always meaning to paste it on again and the green velvet cushions on the parlor set were all flattened down and worn off. Everything was going and the parlor we fixed with so much happiness was just getting shabbier and shabbier. And so I cried and cried and I thought how I was going too. I was so thin now and my breasts were so thin and hangy and my stomach was all getting hangy too from four babies in four years and the skin on my hands was all dry and cracked and the dirt stayed in the cracks and I had a big callous on the first finger of my right hand from peeling potatoes and I couldn't stop crying and I felt like I just couldn't bear it any more and just then Beatty came in and she began to cry because I was crying and she pulled down my hands from my face and kept saying no no mummy no no and she was just only beginning to walk so she was tumbling all around me. I picked her up but I couldn't stop crying and I was crying in her hair but pretty soon I was beginning to smell

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

her hair and that funny baby smell of her hair made me stop crying and I was kissing her head all over and smelling her hair and pretty soon she was laughing because I was tickling her and then she picked up two pieces of the broken discs and she began laughing some more because when she clapped them together they made a loud funny noise and she ran to me and she said see mummy see and I kissed her again all over and I put her down and got up from the floor and took the broom and swept up all the broken pieces into the dustpan and I set the room to rights and I took the little carpet rug from the hall and put it over the worst worn spot in the parlor.

THEN before I knew it Danny was going to school. He had to stand in the corner the very first day and he was kept in nearly every day and the first term he was left back right away. Frank had to come to school once because he wrote a dirty word on the girls' toilet and Frank whipped him for it but Danny was always worse after Frank whipped him and he would always talk about getting even.

The next year Artie started school but I never had a bit of trouble. He liked going to school and he was always on time. He used to bring me home pictures he made in school mostly Indians and tents and trees and birds and some of them were real pretty. One day he asked me to buy him some crayons so he could draw pictures home too. Danny began to laugh and said gee whatdyuh wanta buy crayons for when you can swipe all you want in school for nothing. Frank heard him and said come over here son and Danny went over very slow like because he didn't like Frank. Then Frank talked to him so seriously about stealing and how if you stole things you went to jail and how it was wrong and bad to steal. Danny didn't say anything but just stood still but when Frank let him go Danny had a funny look on his face and it was like he was saying to himself I know lots more than you do.

Anyway I bought Artie some crayons and I saved the nice clean paper bags for him and he liked to draw pictures sitting at the kitchen table. He was funny in lots of ways because he always wanted to know how I did everything and he wanted me to show him how to cook and to sew but I said that was a girl's work and I asked Frank to show him how to fix shoes. Frank did and Artie did some fine work and Frank gave him a nickel every Sunday morning for helping him.

But Danny was always just running down to the street and flying around and fighting. I leaned out of the parlor window sometimes and I watched Danny and Artie playing after supper. Danny always made lots of noise yelling last off and carrying on but Artie always got the most prisoners. I worried and worried about Danny because he was my first baby and I somehow couldn't think he was so bad as he showed himself. Once he said to me ma I'm goin to grow up and have a lot of money and I'll give it all to you just wait and see. But meantime I had to hide my pocketbook away all the time because if I didn't Danny would take pennies by himself.

They had lots of fights the two boys. Especially about running errands for me. They were supposed to take turns but when it was Danny's turn he would run away and Artie would have to go again. And then sometimes when it wasn't Danny's turn at all he would say to Artie that he would go. I'll go Artie he'd say and then he'd have a funny

• MOTHERS • CRY

look on his face like he felt he was doing something wonderful.

The girls weren't hard to manage only Beatty was such a poor eater and I think it was because she liked me to pay attention to her all the time. I would go crazy trying to get her to eat and sometimes I would get so mad the way she played with her food that I would slap her and then I would cry and she would cry and I think she used to like it when we cried like that together but I would be all worn out.

That year Jenny got the whooping cough and Beatty caught it too and the Board of Health made me keep Artie and Danny home from school and I had all the children on my hands. Jenny would whoop so I thought she was going to choke and Beatty got worse about eating and I had to sit down with her and tell her stories or Frank would make funny faces. And all the time I knew she was just doing it to tease me and to get attention.

Jenny got better after a while. She was always such a good little thing. She was only five but she was so neat and clean about everything and she knew how to set the table and how to sew on buttons and she used to stand on a chair and watch me cooking things and sometimes I would let her stir and she would be so happy. She could cut out cookies with the baking powder can and she could sprinkle them with cinnamon and sugar. Frank said she was just another me.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

One day just after I finished the children's lunch and Artie and Danny had gone back to school the door bell rang and when I opened the door it was a policeman and another man. Are you Mrs. Williams the policeman said and I said yes. May we come in he asked me and I said yes certainly and I told them to sit down and be comfortable. I guess I looked frightened because the policeman coughed and he said now don't be frightened ma'am it's nothing. So I got more frightened than I was. What's the matter I said and I felt just like a stone had dropped into my feet. It's nothing Mrs. Williams the policeman said it's just your husband ma'am he's been hurt in an accident. Oh Frank I called out Oh Frank and I began to shake all over. The other man went to the sink and got me some water but I didn't want it and I said take me to him right away please. Oh Frank oh Frank I kept saying all the time sort of moaning I guess because I was so scared and so frightened and I couldn't think of anything only just to say Oh Frank all the time.

I put on my dress and got my hat and coat and I asked Mrs. Schwartz next door to look after Jenny and Beatty for me because Frank had been hurt in an accident and Mrs. Schwartz began to cry and tell me it was all right and not to worry she'd look after the children for me.

The hospital was away downtown and on the way the policeman told me Frank was going out lunch time for a walk and he was hit by a trolley car and

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

I said was he hit bad and he sort of didn't say anything then he said well pretty bad and I felt cold all over and cold all the way down my back and my hands were like ice and all the way in the elevated I felt so cold.

When we got to the hospital the policeman went over to a nurse and he talked to her for a while and then the nurse came over to me and said come with me so I went with her and we walked down a long hall and she opened one of the doors and there in the middle of the room was something on a high table all covered over and the nurse was saying to me now you must be brave my dear and then I don't know what happened but I was smelling something like ammonia and I was all soaking wet with sweating but feeling so cold all the time and I was sitting in a chair and there was Frank lying dead in front of me on the high white table. I threw myself on him and I kept crying Frank Frank Frank Frank and I thought I was dying because I couldn't stand it and then I was in another room and I was lying down and they were putting warm things on me and somebody was saying now drink this my dear there now drink this.

Then they asked me what should they do with Frank so I said I wanted them to bring him home and they put him in a long basket in the ambulance and I rode home with him.

When we got to the door all the children from the block ran to see like they always do when they

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

hear the ambulance bell and all the neighbors put their heads out of the windows and there in the crowd waiting to see what was coming out of the ambulance were Danny and Artie and Jenny and Beatty. I got out first and the children ran to me. They were all so scared so I told them to run upstairs but they wanted to see and then they carried the basket out of the ambulance and upstairs and I went afterwards with the children but one of the men tripped on the oilcloth in the hall and the sheet moved and Jenny said oooh it's papa it's papa it's papa's shoes. And Jenny began to cry and I felt like I was dying all the time and I wanted to be all dead too. Mrs. Schwartz came in and I sent her to tell mama and some of the other neighbors came in. I didn't know what to do first so I gave all the children their milk and bread and butter like they always have at four o'clock but they were too excited to eat.

Frank was in the parlor on some chairs and everybody was walking in there but I made them stop. The children and I just waited in the kitchen sort of all of us crying together and then mama came with the undertaker right away. Mama didn't say anything she just sort of held me tight a long time and when she was holding me I felt like I wanted to be a little girl again that I was tired of being grown up. Mama kept smoothing my hair like she did when I was little but when she said Frank was a good man I couldn't help it I just screamed so after that she didn't ever say anything to me about Frank.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

I thought I couldn't bear it one more minute. I wasn't thinking of anything not even of Frank. All I knew was that something was hurting me so I couldn't stand it much longer and I wanted the hurt to stop but it didn't stop and there wasn't anything left in the world but the hurting and crying because it was hurting so much.

Then the undertaker began to talk to mama about the funeral. Mama said we must quick tell the insurance company and so she sent Mrs. Schwartz to telephone. Mama knew just what to do about everything on account of just burying papa a few years ago and she said it would be better not to have a big funeral because I would need all my money and so she fixed it up with the undertaker for us to have just three carriages and a plain hearse and she said we wouldn't need a special carriage for the flowers but we could put them in around the coffin. Then she told him what kind of a coffin we wanted and she asked me how did I think Frank would like to be dressed but I didn't know so the undertaker said just to leave it all to him and I said yes. Then the insurance man came and he said I would get two hundred and thirty dollars and I was so glad we had kept up the insurance because I don't know what I would have done for money to pay the undertaker. And then a man came from the street car company and wanted to give me five hundred dollars for me to sign a paper but mama said no don't sign anything we'll wait till after the funeral and just then a funny looking man came in—a Jew

• MOTHERS • CRY •

I think he was—and he said he saw the accident and that he was a lawyer and he had all the witnesses ready but my head was aching so mama took him in the other room and when they came back she said we had better give him the case and he would take a third. So he went away and the insurance man went away and then a man came from the Board of Health and he made out a certificate and he went away and all the neighbors came walking in and out and I could hear Danny out in the hall on the landing telling the other children in the house how the accident happened and he was having a good time because all the children were listening to him and asking him questions and he was telling such a lot of lies. But Artie and Jenny and Beatty were sort of quiet Beatty not understanding much and Artie maybe understanding too much.

Mama stayed with me the next two days and attended to a lot of things for me. I had to have a black dress and a coat and a hat and gloves and new shoes and a veil. But I wouldn't have the children in black. I said the girls could wear their white Sunday dresses with black sashes and the boys could wear their blue Sunday suits with black ribbons around their hats and their sleeves. Mama said that Jenny and Beatty must wear black shoes and stockings but their everyday shoes looked too bad and their Sunday shoes had white tops so mama blacked the tops but the blacking didn't stay on the buttons.

They laid Frank out in the parlor and everybody

• MOTHERS • CRY •

kept going in and out but I didn't go in until it was the night before the funeral and then I told everybody to please go out and I went in. Frank was hit in the head by the trolley car so all they had showing was his face and when I looked at it it didn't look like Frank at all.

And then when I looked a long time I saw it was Frank. And it came on me that he couldn't speak to me that he couldn't get up and walk to me that he couldn't take me in his arms any more and I wanted to die too. The room was all dark except for the candles and I kneeled down on the floor next to him and I began to talk to him and I said oh Frank you were a good husband to me you loved me and I loved you. I don't know where you are I was never a churchy person because church didn't have much to do with living all day and cleaning and washing and making meals and Artie having a clean blouse for school. Only Frank I know one place where you are just like you were alive and it's inside of me. You can't ever die inside of me. If I close my eyes I can see you walking around inside of me and telling me things that you saw all day and things that you thought and you always used such lovely words. I want to tell you Frank how glad I am that you were so good to me. I haven't but one thing to forget and that's the time you hit Danny with your shoe and now I'm going to forget that. They're your children still Frank all of them and I'm never going to let them forget you how good you were to them and to me and what a fine

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

man you were. I'll promise you now that I'll try my hardest to see that they always are clean and have enough to eat. I promise you Frank.

Then I got up and I looked at him again and there was his face just the same as it was before I began to talk to him and all of a sudden it came on me how dead he was and a terrible feeling of loneliness came over me and I was frightened and afraid. All alone with four children with no Frank to help me. The loneliness got hold of me and made me hurt so again I couldn't stand it and so I just dropped on the floor and I moaned and moaned with loneliness and mama came in and picked me up and put me in my bed.

THE next morning it was the funeral. I got up at six o'clock and I gave all the children a bath and dressed them clean. Beatty made a fuss about breakfast and me feeling so awful I couldn't stand it her dawdling and fussing and playing with her food and I wanted to slap her but I stopped myself and I thought how terrible to slap her with Frank lying dead in the house. Danny kept running down and telling the boys downstairs what Frank looked like but he was lying because I wouldn't let the children in the parlor and I had all their beds moved into the dining room. Mrs. Schwartz said it wasn't right to deprive them of a last look at their father but I said no let them remember him as he was—always kind and jolly and alive.

Pretty soon everybody began coming and you couldn't turn around the house was so full of people but we only had three carriages and everybody was wanting to come. Mama and I and the children would have to have one and that left room for only eight more people. Cousin Liz said she ought to come because she spent fourteen dollars for a wreath and the only wreath that was bigger was Uncle William's and he didn't come to the funeral just like he didn't come to the engagement party. Then

• MOTHERS • CRY •

there was Jamey and Aunt Kate but not Gussie because mama asked Aunt Kate not to bring Gussie she might begin to smoke or something. And I wanted Fanny Benson to come so that filled up the second carriage. There was only one carriage left and so the men talked it over and they decided the supervisor from the store better come and Jerry who was Frank's best friend and who made the speech at the engagement party and two other men from the store.

Everything was all ready and I was glad I had on a heavy black veil because I couldn't cry and I knew everybody would think I ought to cry. But I didn't feel like crying because everything that was happening now seemed sort of to have nothing to do with what had been between Frank and me. I knew it was what had to be done but I wished I didn't have to be going along and I was glad that I could hide in back of the veil and no one could see I wasn't crying.

They carried Frank down first and then mama and I went down with the children and there was a crowd of people from the block all around the house and their children were pushing to get nearer and I wondered if the children had been looking at themselves in the carriages and laughing because they looked so squashed and round and funny like they did when I was married. I sort of hoped they had because it seemed to me that I wanted to feel that living things were going right on living because in-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

side of me everything felt so unreal and stopped and dead.

When we got into the carriage I pulled the blinds down but the children said they wanted to see and I thought how it was the first time they were ever in a carriage so I pulled the blinds up so they could see what we were passing. Jenny had to sit on mama's lap and Beatty sat on my lap. It was such a long ride away out to Brooklyn and the horses got tired and walked nearly all the way in the end and the boys were so fidgety. Jenny was so good and Beatty fell asleep in my arms but she was so heavy. Mama wanted to take her from me but I was afraid she would wake up if we moved her and she looked tired from all the excitement.

When we got to the cemetery at last the children said oh ma it's just like a park and they wanted to pick the flowers growing on the graves. I was so tired because the ride was so long and because the day was so alive it made me feel more tired still. The sun was shining so bright and the grass was so green and everything was so busy living. I wanted to lie down right there on the grass and just sleep.

Jerry made a speech and the supervisor made a speech and told how they were going to make Frank a supervisor in a few months if he had lived and then Cousin Liz wanted to say something and she tried to make everybody cry and carried on herself so I couldn't help feeling she was liking it and all I could see in the end was a box going down into the ground and I was glad that it seemed like only a box

• MOTHERS • CRY •

to me and not Frank because I could always just think it was a box and I could pretend that the Frank who lived inside of me was real and afterwards in the middle of the night when I put out my hand to touch Frank and he wasn't there I would just remember it was only a box they put down in the ground.

And while the box was going down I kept seeing how the black had all rubbed off the buttons from Jenny's and Beatty's shoes and I wished mama hadn't blacked the tops because now the shoes looked awful and I knew I would have to take the white buttons off and sew black ones on and I felt so tired already and it made me feel so much more tired to think of having to sew on those buttons.

When it was over there was the long drive home again and the children fretted and nagged so because they were so tired and Beatty had black circles under her eyes. Danny wanted me to stop the carriage and buy him candy and when I wouldn't he said he could at least have what he wanted on the day of his father's funeral. Jenny whimpered because Cousin Liz had told her she would never see her daddy any more and she asked me if it was so and I had to tell her it was.

Mama had made sandwiches for us to come home to and Mrs. Schwartz had the table all ready the beer and olives and coffee and some brandy for the men and the men got to drinking and saying what a fine fellow Frank was.

I gave the children their supper and we put their

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

beds back in the parlor and I put them to bed but pretty soon I heard a loud scream and it was Beatty. The excitement upset her stomach and she was throwing up dreadfully. So I had to change her whole bed over again and sing her a song to quiet her.

Then everybody went home and mama went home and I looked at the children to see they were all covered and lying comfortably and I undressed and I went to bed. It was such a big bed for me to sleep in alone.

MR. ROSENS the lawyer said the best he could get was three thousand dollars and that left two thousand dollars for me. Then Mr. Landry wrote me a letter and asked me to come to see him. When I got there he said the firm had decided to give me two hundred and fifty dollars and then he said what did I think I was going to do. So I told him I didn't know but I thought maybe I'd try to get a shop like mama's. But he said no he had a better idea. He said now they had built the new subway to the Bronx that values would surely be going up there and he said I ought to buy a house because that way I would always have a roof over my head and besides the house and the land would be worth a whole lot more in ten years. Then he asked me what I could do so I said nothing much except keep house and sew a little so he said that was just the thing. I'd have my house and then I could take sewing to do to pay for food and clothes.

When I told mama she said it would be crazy to live away up there it was nothing but a wilderness and besides people would get terrible sicknesses from riding in the new subway because it wasn't natural but I went up with Mr. Landry on Sunday anyway and I was a little bit disappointed because it was so

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

quiet and kind of lonely but I thought it would be nice for the children to have the empty lots to play in and after we looked around Mr. Landry decided on a house that was on Tinton Avenue right across the way from a big school and I thought that would be fine for the children too because the school looked so nice and clean and new.

The house was in a long row of houses all close together and they were all made of wood and some were painted light brown and some darker brown and some lighter green and some darker green and ours was a light green one except the porch was sort of trimmed with a little darker green. There was a little piece of ground in the front and then you went up the wooden steps on to a nice porch and the porch had narrow bars all around it. On that floor was a pretty big parlor and two bedrooms and a bathroom and when you went downstairs there was the kitchen in the back and the dining room in the front and there was a back yard. It wasn't very big but I noticed how all the back yards were planted with flowers and vegetables and I thought how I would ask the neighbors to show me how to plant ours. There was a fence all around the back yard.

Then there was another floor on top where there were three more rooms and a little kitchen and another bathroom. Mr. Landry explained how I must rent out the upstairs part for twenty-two dollars a month and how the rent would pay for the mortgage and the interest. And there was even an attic

on top of the upstairs flat and I thought that would be nice for the children too.

Then Mr. Landry said that I must work up my own trade as a dressmaker and put up a sign. He said he would give me sewing to do for the store only it paid very badly and it would be such a long trip to get the work and bring it back and so he went with me right away to a place and ordered a sign painted on white glass dressmaker children's dresses a specialty because I told him I was a little afraid to make big people's clothes on account of spoiling the goods. Mr. Landry said he thought he would hold the mortgage on the house because then he would be sure no one would take advantage of me. So I thanked him for everything because he spent such a lot of time with me and he said it was the least he could do seeing how Frank had worked in the store for twenty-five years.

I had all the things to pack up to move to the Bronx. I left the carpet in the parlor it had so many worn places and I left the oil cloth in the kitchen and the dining room too. The groceryman gave me three sugar barrels and I wrapped all the dishes and kitchen things in newspaper and I packed them in the barrels. All the mattresses had to be rolled up and the beds taken down and the table taken apart and all around the edge was chewing gum where the children stuck it on and the looking glass had to be unscrewed from the dresser and the pictures wrapped in paper but in the end I finished everything all right.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

Danny wanted to ride up with the moving men and he nagged so I let him do it but the other children went up with me in the subway and they thought it was wonderful. We rode in the first car because they wanted to see and afterwards when we came out into the light in the Bronx they sat at the windows and they pointed everything out to me.

When we got off at Prospect Avenue it was nearly like the country and the children were so excited they ran out into the middle of the avenue where there were big plots of grass growing and they picked buttercups and daisies and there were such lovely big houses all along the avenue set way back with big gardens and lawns in front and children and dogs playing on the lawns and hammocks under the trees.

We got up ahead of the moving men and so we walked all around the inside of our house and I thought how nice it was to have a real bathtub and we were going to have steam heat and hot water because there was a furnace in the cellar and it heated the whole house. The rooms were so nice and airy and I thought to myself this is our own house and I thought how Frank would have liked to live here how he would have liked to make cupboards and shelves and work in the garden and make things for the children. And then I thought how it was just because Frank was dead that I had the house and it gave me a queer kind of pain and it was the same kind of stabbing pain that used to come all the years that followed whenever I would

think of Frank. It would be terrible for maybe a minute and I would feel I couldn't stand it another second and then it would go away.

Then the moving men came. I put the dining room set downstairs. It looked a little shabby and I didn't have any carpet for the floor but my curtains were still good. All the barrels with the dishes and pots and pans and the things for washing and ironing I put in the kitchen. In the big room upstairs I put the parlor set but the wall paper was red and it didn't look very nice with all my green things. I thought I would put the folding bed in the parlor for myself to sleep on and I gave the big double bed to Beatty and Jenny to sleep on in one bedroom and I bought two small beds for Danny and Artie. They were painted to look like wood but they were made of iron I guess. I had to buy a dresser for the boys too but I got one cheap without a looking glass.

If I was going to be a dressmaker I would need a sewing machine and Mr. Landry sent me one up from the store and he let me have it cheaper than the store price. It was one of the new kind that you could let the head drop down inside and I made a cover for it and when it was closed up and covered you could hardly tell it was a sewing machine at all. I kept it in the parlor because there was no other place for me to work in.

I put out a sign flat to let inquire within and the next day a little old lady and a little old man came and took the flat. They said they didn't mind the children if only I would keep the furnace going good

• MOTHERS • CRY •

and hot for them in the winter. They were nice people and they paid their rent regularly and they never gave me any trouble.

School opened and Danny went into 2B and Artie was in 2A. That was because Danny was left back and Artie skipped. Jenny was five so she went into the kindergarten. After school opened I took Beatty with me down to Landry's and I got some sewing from the forelady. She gave me a dozen corset waists to make and six petticoats and she told me they must be done by Friday. The muslin was all cut out and the embroidery was all cut too. I carried the bundle home and I had to hold on to Beatty too and it was kind of heavy and Beatty got tired and cranky and she wouldn't do what I told her to. Beatty didn't like me to tell her to do things.

When I got home it was lunch time and the children were home already from school. I made their lunch and sent them back to school and then when I had cleared up I sat down to start the sewing. It went slow at first but afterwards I got better. I wanted to be very careful and there were so many flounces but I made two corset waists in the afternoon and then after the children came home from school and I gave them their bread and butter I made nearly a whole petticoat and then it was time to start making supper. After supper Jenny helped me to dry dishes and the boys went out to play again but I put the girls to bed. There was a big lot across the street and that was where the boys played with the other boys on the block. I finished the petti-

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

coat and started another. I wasn't used to sewing so much so I had a pain in my back from leaning over the machine and my legs hurt from pushing the pedal.

When it was nearly nine o'clock I called Danny and Artie to come and they wouldn't come but then Artie came and Danny hid himself and didn't come in until half past nine and he wouldn't get washed but went to bed all dirty like he was. After they were asleep I did the washing and then I went to sleep too.

The next day it was the same. I got up at half past six and I sewed till it was time to get breakfast for the children and send them to school and afterwards I cleaned the house and went out and bought the things we would need to eat and then I sewed again.

Lunch time Danny and Artie and Jenny came to me and they said they each wanted a penny because all the other children had pennies at lunch time. I told them I couldn't give them pennies and I counted up and I thought that would make four pennies a day and that would be twenty eight cents a week and that was such a lot of money now. But they cried and nagged and they made me come with them to see all the other children buying candy at the candy store on the corner and so I gave them their pennies and while I was walking home I thought I'll get up at six o'clock in the morning instead of half past six so I'll be able to make two more

• MOTHERS • CRY •

corset covers a week and that would mean thirty cents more and that would pay for their pennies.

I made about eight dollars a week with the sewing. It wasn't much but I cooked things like rice and macaroni and potatoes and cabbage because they were cheap but we didn't have any meat now except sometimes I would get scraps for soup.

One day a lady came in and said could I make some drawers and petticoats for her little girl and I said yes. She brought me the goods and I made them very carefully and she gave me a dollar. It was twice as much as I made with the sewing for Landry's so I asked her if she would please send me her friends and she said she surely would because I did such nice work. There was a piece of embroidery left over and some beading and some nainsook and she said I could keep them. Afterwards lots of ladies let me keep scraps like that and I could make things for Beatty and Jenny though sometimes the embroidery wasn't the same all the way around and sometimes I had to piece together in funny places and sometimes there would be maybe three different kinds of muslin in one of Jenny's petticoats.

Then I got two dresses to make for another little girl and some boys' shirts from someone else. Sewing like that was much easier because it wasn't so much the same all the time and I got paid twice as much. Pretty soon I had plenty of work right in the neighborhood and I made sometimes twelve and fifteen dollars a week and Mr. Landry said he was very glad.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

When it got cold I bought a ton of coal and then I had to tend to the furnace. I didn't know how in the beginning and the fire kept going out all the time but one of the neighbors showed me how to keep it going. There was a man who said he would come around in the mornings to start the fire for a dollar a week but I didn't think we could afford it because now the winter was coming on we would all need new winter clothes and I thought I would like to save that dollar and have some money to give the children a nice Christmas.

One morning it was snowing so I went to get the children's rubbers ready for them. I had just bought three new pairs for Danny and Artie and Jenny. I didn't have to buy any for Beatty because the ones Jenny wore last year fitted her and Jenny was easy on her rubbers and shoes so they were still good. But when I went to the closet to look for the rubbers I couldn't find them although I looked every place. I decided to wait until the children were awake and ask them. I asked Danny first and he said no ma I didn't see the rubbers. Then I asked Artie and he looked at Danny kind of funny but he didn't say anything. Jenny said something about a rubber man took them but I thought she was just talking silly. When I went out of the room I could hear Danny and Artie fighting and Danny was saying if you tell I'll tell the fellers you snitched and Artie said well then you tell yourself but Danny said no I won't and I'll punch your nose if you do.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

I went in and I asked them what they were talking about and Danny said nothing we're not talking about nothing and Artie said we are too talking about something and Jenny said they're talking about giving the rubbers to the rubber man. What rubber man I said and Jenny said the rubber man that stands on the corner by the school and gives you things for rubbers. What things I said and then Danny got excited and said he gave me a knife and a watch and ten cents.

Oh Danny I said did you take our rubbers and sell them. And Danny said well there was a man came and he had a big tray full of fine things pins and rings and knives and everything and he told the children he would give them the things if they would bring him their old rubbers and you never give me any money so I took the rubbers. I asked him where were the things the man gave him and he showed me the knife and the watch. The knife was just a ten cent one and the watch was only make believe it was only a case with a face and a glass and a thing to wind but nothing inside. And what about the ten cents I said. Oh Danny said I spent it. I bought candy for the fellers. I said Danny don't you know you have been stealing and he said well you don't ever give me any money and I wanted to treat the fellers. Then I said now I'm going to take the knife and the watch and I'm going to try to get back the rubbers. Danny let out an awful yell and said you will not you will not and I said I must

• MOTHERS • CRY •

because I haven't any money to buy more rubbers with and you'll all have to stay home from school today because I don't dare let you go out in the snow without your rubbers. Danny screamed and screamed but I had to take the watch and the knife away just the same.

I went around to the corner of the school to the place where Artie told me the rubber man was standing for the last few days but he wasn't there. So then I went inside to the school and I asked the principal what I should do. He said my good woman there have been a dozen other mothers in to see me this morning about the same matter. I'm afraid the rascal has gone away and there is nothing we can do.

When I was going home I felt like crying. Four new pairs of rubbers to buy because Danny had taken Beatty's too. I had some money saved to buy myself a sweater because in the mornings when I got up at six o'clock the house was so cold and it took a long time for the heat to come up and now I would have to spend the money for the rubbers and it would be maybe another month before I could get a sweater.

When I got back I told Danny about the rubber man not being there any more and Danny said well now give me the knife and the watch and I said no because you stole them so Danny began screaming and carrying on and throwing himself around and saying I'll steal everything in the house if you don't give me back the knife and the watch. Then I

· *MOTHERS · CRY ·*

thought how they didn't have much to play with and maybe it was my fault so I said if you promise me Danny you'll never do such a thing again I'll give you the knife and the watch. So he promised and I gave them back to him.

A FEW years passed all about the same. Artie was in 5A and so was Danny because Danny was left back again and so Artie got up to him. Jenny was in 3A and Beatty was in 2A.

I was always having to come to school about Danny. He wasn't very smart and he was always in trouble. But Artie always got A A A on his report card A for Effort and A for Efficiency and A for Deportment. The teachers all liked Artie and said he could draw wonderful and that he was the best in the class in everything. They all belonged to the public library on Boston Road except Danny and Artie would get a new book nearly every day but he read mostly books on how to make things and he built a little electric motor out of the odds and ends he found in the cellar and other little things. Once he came home with a little puppy and he asked me if he could keep it. I said yes but out in the yard so he went around to the grocery store and he asked for some empty boxes and he took them all apart and used the boards to make a house for the puppy. They were beginning to build such a lot of houses all around now and Artie asked the workmen to let him have some tar paper and he put it all over the house so neat and it was a lovely dog house.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

Artie was just as big as Danny now because Danny was kind of small for his age and Artie was kind of large and I heard Artie tell Danny that if he ever touched his puppy or his house he would knock hell out of him. Oh Artie I said you mustn't say such words but Artie said you have to talk that way to Danny.

Artie was the leader of all the boys on the block and they always did what he told them too. He decided to build a big cave on the lot across the street and he made the boys dig it out for days and days and he wouldn't let them stop till it was just so and the sides all straight. He said he didn't just want a hole in the ground. Every night while it was still light he made me come over and see how far they got. He marked out the sides with string just like he saw the workmen do for foundations and afterwards he asked the workmen for some plaster and he plastered the sides of the cave smooth. Then he got boards and more tar paper and showed the boys how to make a roof. Afterwards when they tried to roast things in the cave they found they needed a chimney and Arthur made one. They called the cave The Wild Indians Club. I wanted to give them an old table but Artie said no they must make everything themselves because if they were wild Indians they had to make things to live with.

I used to give Danny and Artie potatoes—only they called them mickies—to roast in the cave and sometimes corn too. Jenny said sometimes Danny

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

treated the boys to bottles of soda after the mickies and it made me miserable to hear such things because I knew Danny was taking the money from me. Whenever I sent him on errands things were always dearer and he was always forgetting to give me the change. If I asked him for it he said he lost it or that it dropped down the sewer or the man didn't give him any change.

Once Beatty said to me oh mama Danny showed me such a nice chewing gum machine you don't have to put pennies in but the chewing gum comes out just the same. Artie laughed and said you're a silly he was putting pennies in all the time only he was afraid you'd tell mama.

And once I dropped fifty cents on the floor and I asked Artie and Danny to look for it under the bed where I thought it had rolled. They both said they couldn't find it but the next day Jenny said Danny had all the Wild Indians in the ice cream parlor and was treating them to sodas. I thought maybe if I wouldn't nag him too much he would grow out of it.

I tried to talk to Danny and I said don't you know what stealing is and he said sure. I said don't you know you're stealing from me. And he said you oughter give me plenty of money and I wouldn't have to take it. So I told him how I couldn't afford it because I worked so hard for the money and lots of times I didn't get enough work to do so I had to save every penny and I said if he kept on stealing when he grew up they'd put him in jail. Will they send me to jail now he said. No I said they don't

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

send children to jail. Oh then that's all right Danny said and he walked away.

Jenny was a nice little thing quiet and good all the time. She liked me being a dressmaker because she always had so many scraps to sew things for her dollies. She helped me quite a lot setting the table and washing and drying dishes and making beds. Artie helped me too and he made his bed and Danny's every morning. Danny made fun of him but Artie never paid much attention to what Danny said. Beatty would get fits and help very hard for a little while but she didn't keep it up for long.

But what worried me most was Beatty and Danny together. The way they were always fighting together was terrible. Danny teased Beatty all the time. He tore her paper dolls and he slapped her if I wasn't around and Beatty would get so mad with him and scream and scream.

Beatty was a quick little bright thing only she always thought she knew better than everybody else. She liked to be paid attention to and that was why she liked to recite. She learned how to read and write faster than the other children even faster than Artie and she could learn pieces fast too. The teachers in school said if they only could keep her busy she was very good but she learned so much faster than the other children that she would have nothing to do and she would get restless and fidgety and answer for the others and talk and get into trouble. Then she would be sorry and she would

• MOTHERS • CRY •

cry to me and tell me that from now she was always going to be good.

One day at the end of the month the children came home all excited from school and they said the principal had given them all a very serious talk on how they must all work because they love to work and that they mustn't work just to get good report cards and he said tomorrow when the report cards were going to be given out they were going to be put in a sealed envelope and nobody must open them except the parents and that it would be a wonderful exercise in honor for the children for them not to open them and not to care what marks they got so long as they knew they had done their best.

The children all got their cards the next day and brought them home at lunch time. Danny had opened his and so had Artie because Artie said the principal was an old hypocrite and was making them all bad by wanting them to do what they couldn't do. Jenny didn't open hers because she always did what she was told but Beatty didn't open hers because the day before she had gotten one of her good fits and she said she was going to try to be honorable and worthy. I didn't have time to look at the cards on account of getting their lunch so I put them all on the kitchen cupboard to look at after lunch. I could see Beatty was crazy to see what was on her card inside because she kept going to the cupboard and picking up the envelope and sort of handling it. Then she would read what was stamped on the outside to be opened by parents or guardians only out

• MOTHERS • CRY •

loud and she would put it down and walk away and I could see she was sort of happy because she wasn't opening it and because she was being good. Danny kept watching her and saying things to try to get her mad but Beatty said now that she was always going to be good it didn't make any difference to her what Danny said and she wasn't going to answer him back because that wouldn't be being good.

Well it came time for the children to go back to school and I was busy clearing off the table and Beatty was helping me and I saw Danny go over to the cupboard but I didn't notice much what he was doing when all of a sudden he yelled out Beatty you got B plus A B and then he ran out after he threw her report card on the floor and the torn envelope too.

I thought Beatty would make herself sick the way she cried and she couldn't go to school in the afternoon because her face was so red. Whenever she would think how she wanted so hard to be good and honorable and how Danny had spoiled it all for her she would begin again and when Danny came home from school she screamed and screamed at him and tried to throw a dish at him so I put her to bed because she was so excited.

Mama came to see me sometimes and so did Jamey. He was a helper now in an automobile factory and getting good wages and he wanted to get married. Afterwards when he got married mama went to live with him and his wife and she gave up the store. When she sold the store she gave me

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

a hundred dollars because I wanted it to pay down on a piano because the piano she gave me when I got married was all gone now and I wanted to start Beatty and Jenny. When the new piano came I sat down and tried to play some of my old pieces but I couldn't play one of them not even Evening Star and that was such an easy one too.

I learned how to plant a garden and we had flowers in the front and I put vegetables in half the ground in the back. I let the children have the other half to play in. It saved such a lot in the summer and Artie and Jenny used to keep the weeds out for me. My neighbors were all nice only I didn't have much time to talk with them because I was working all the time. The summers were easier because I didn't have to buy coal but I had to save money for the winter anyway.

One winter everything seemed to go wrong. No one seemed to have any money and sewing got very scarce. I had to ask the groceryman to let me have things without paying but pretty soon I was owing him thirty dollars and he didn't want to let me have any more and when I looked over the bills I saw that Danny had been buying all kinds of things crackers and pickles and apples and nuts and candy without asking me. He was always wanting to buy the other boys things. He liked to treat I guess because it made him feel important or something. Anyway I didn't know what to do. I didn't have any money in the house at all and I had to have lunch for the children coming home from school so

• MOTHERS • CRY •

I took my wedding ring into a pawnshop and they gave me two dollars for it. Well the next day I got a little girl's dress to make and I hurried it up and had it finished so I could have some money but the lady said could I wait until next week for the money because she was short. Then I only had fifty cents left and I couldn't think of what to do so the next morning I got up at five o'clock and it was very cold and snowing. I asked Artie the night before to give the children their breakfast and I told him I'd be home in time to make lunch. So I went to a newspaper stand and I waited until the wagon came with papers and I asked the wagon to let me have fifty cents worth. He gave me a big bundle of them and I carried them to the station. It snowed harder and harder and I wrapped a woolen scarf around my head so I wouldn't spoil my hat and I stood at the subway station and waited for people to buy my newspapers. But I guess they didn't see me on account of the snow or maybe because I was a little bit afraid to stand forward. Anyway I didn't sell one newspaper not a single one. So I walked home crying from the cold and being so wet and because I had wasted my last fifty cents. I had some rice in the house and a can of milk so I made rice and milk for the children's lunch and then I went downtown to Mr. Landry and got some work on some ladies' drawers from the forelady and she gave me a dollar in advance.

ARTIE was the first one to graduate from public school because Danny got left back twice more and Artie got skipped. Artie was only twelve years old but he was very big for his age and he looked older.

I bought him a new dark blue suit for his graduation and I made him a new white shirt and he had new shoes and stockings and he wore a white flower in his buttonhole and I gave him a fountain pen for a present and it had two gold bands around it. I had two tickets so mama went with me. The children looked lovely all the girls in white and all the boys in dark blue and Artie looked so handsome.

First all the children sang and then the principal read the Bible and then a girl read a composition she wrote and another girl played the piano and a boy played the violin. And then the principal made a long speech telling the children how they were on the threshold of life and mustn't shirk their responsibilities and then he said and now we will award the prizes. The first prize goes to a young man about whom I cannot say enough in praise. His will be a brilliant future which will be a blessing to all mankind we are sure. Arthur Williams will you please step forward.

Artie was so surprised he stumbled over every-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

body's legs getting out and was all red. Then the principal pinned a little gold medal on his coat and he spoke some more. Not only is his character constructive but his ability equals his impulses. If you will look about you on the walls you will notice pictures and designs executed by him with perfect precision as well as artistic sense. And that admirable border that now encircles the auditorium is the work of none other than this young man. His was the conception and under his inspiration his fellow classmates with great eagerness helped to execute the difficult task. And he was no easy taskmaster for nothing short of perfection would satisfy him and I want to close by hoping that in all his life nothing short of perfection will ever satisfy him.

I couldn't help it but I was crying when I was going out but I was so happy and so proud. Artie came to me right away and showed me the medal and I kissed him and he didn't mind.

When we got home Danny said pooh I don't believe it's worth even five dollars.

I talked over with Artie what he could do now and I said maybe he'd better learn the trade of sign painting seeing how he could draw so nice but Artie said no he wanted to go to high school and maybe to college because he said he didn't really want to draw at all he said he didn't know what he wanted only he could never be a great man if he didn't have plenty of education. But Artie I said I don't know where we can get the money. So he said he could get a bakery route in the mornings delivering rolls

• MOTHERS • CRY •

and he could get two dollars a week and then ma he said maybe I can get something to do afternoons too. But I laughed and said you'll have to study afternoons if you go to high school.

High school didn't begin till next September so Artie took the bakery route for the mornings and a newspaper route in the afternoons delivering the Bronx Home News and he made three and a half dollars a week. He gave me three dollars and I let him keep fifty cents.

Then he put a lock on his room and whenever he wasn't working he locked himself in his room and wouldn't let Danny come in. I asked him what he was doing but he wouldn't tell me. He made a big wooden box and he put a lock on it too and he kept whatever he was making in the big wooden box. He kept asking me for all kinds of funny things like did I have a piece of gold lace or did I have a piece of purple silk and he went through my rag bag and took lots of scraps. He was drawing something on paper too because he came out to change the water for his paints often.

One day he said if I wouldn't tell the children he'd show me what he made so I said all right. First he showed me a lot of pictures of dolls. One was Cinderella and one was the Stepmother and one was the Wicked Sister and one was the Prince and one was the Fairy Godmother and there were others too. The pictures were lovely and they were all painted in pretty colors. Then he opened the box and inside there were all dolls made to look like the

• MOTHERS • CRY •

pictures. They had kind of funny faces and arms and legs with a terrible lot of strings and he showed me how he could make them walk and dance and bow and do all kinds of funny queer things by moving the strings. He said they were puppets and he showed me the book that he got in the library where he learned how to make them and he told me how he made the faces and the arms and the legs with newspaper and glue and he showed me how he pasted the scraps on for clothes and everything was done so neatly and just right. Then he said he wanted to build a stage for them and he asked me couldn't he work up in the attic so I said yes and I cleared out a big place for him near the window. And will you keep it a secret he asked me and I said yes. But the children learned about the dolls anyway because Artie kept the book out from the library too long and when they scolded him about it he told them why and they wanted to see the dolls and when he brought them they put them in a case and put a sign on the case Puppets Made By Arthur Williams Aged 12½ years and a rich man gave the library a hundred dollars to buy books because he said now he saw how libraries helped the young.

After Artie built a stage he gave a show for all the children on the block in the back yard and he showed Beatty how to help him. He charged two cents to come and he gave the show three times and he made two dollars.

Artie and Beatty got along fine together. He liked to talk to her about what he was going to do

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

when he grew up and she liked to tell him all the grand things she was going to do. One time they were all crazy for horsehair rings. The boys used to pull the hairs out of the horses' tails themselves and Artie made a beautiful one for Beatty and he made her a bracelet too.

But Danny and Beatty got along worse and worse. I couldn't make Danny out at all and why Artie was always doing something right and Danny was always doing something wrong. When I asked him why he didn't go to the library too and make things he laughed and said he was going to be a real man not a sissy like Artie. He stayed out until eleven o'clock at night sometimes and I didn't think it was right for a boy fourteen years old to be on the streets so late. Besides he always nagged me for money. Sometimes he would get odd jobs but he always kept the money that he got. Once the policeman on our block came to me with some pennies and nickels and dimes and he said I took these away from a crap game your boy was playin and I thought you might be able to use it. He played craps all the time he could and I could see him under the gas lamp outside and hear him say cheese it the cops and they'd all run when the policeman came up. Sometimes it was cards they played for money and lots of times the other mothers would come to me and ask me please to keep Danny home because he was making all the boys bad.

And whenever I tried to talk to Danny he always said the same thing. Don't worry ma he said I'll

• MOTHERS • CRY •

have a pile of dough some day. I know the way to make lots of money and you'll be a grand lady yet.

He always talked so dirty too. Then one time I heard him get quiet all of a sudden when Beatty and Jenny came passing by. Here he said all you fellers you gotta cut out them dirty words don't you see my sisters is listenin. And I'll kick anybody in the face what says anything in front of my sisters. But Beatty laughed and said oh stop showing off Danny.

But Jenny was always the same. Quiet and kind of afraid to be looked at. She was good at school and always got promoted but she wasn't exactly smart. She helped me more and more in the house and she could make breakfast for the family all by herself. She helped me with the sewing too and she could make nice buttonholes and she could sew straight seams on the sewing machine after I basted them.

Beatty didn't worry me like Danny but I couldn't understand her at all. She wouldn't help me regularly like Jenny but just when she felt like it she'd get all excited and pick out something like cleaning out the cellar or scrubbing the bottoms clean of all the pots and pans or polishing the faucets in the sink or washing all the radiators. She hated to sew. But she was crazy about reading. She didn't read books like Artie about making things but just stories. She belonged to the public library and then because the librarian wouldn't let her have but one book in two days because she said she would ruin her eyes and ought to be in the open air Beatty got books from a

church library around the corner and she got books from the school library and sometimes she would read two books in one day. She would be reading when she was eating and she was always reading in school and getting into trouble. Her teacher said she was a brilliant child but insufferable. They said she was fresh and answered back and was too full of her rights.

Beatty liked to play the piano too but she made me change her teacher because she said she didn't want to play such silly pieces as *The Maidens Prayer* like Jenny and she made me get her another teacher. The new teacher was a Jew and his name was Simon and he taught her such funny things and they didn't seem to have any tunes. He was twice as dear as Jenny's teacher but when I told him I couldn't afford to pay him so much he made his prices lower because he said Beatty was a gifted pupil. But Beatty was all the time playing exercises or things she called sonatas while Jenny would play me all sorts of pretty things.

But just the same Beatty had a worse time than the other children because I think things hurt her more.

There used to be a blind man who passed by the school every morning about nine o'clock on the way to mass and the children used to like to walk with him though he didn't really need anybody and he knew the way himself. Well whenever Danny was late for school he used to say it was because he took the blind man to mass. One time the teacher knew

for certain it was another child who took the blind man so she brought Danny down to the principal and when he said again he took the blind man to mass the principal made him go back and sit in front of the class all morning with a sign on him LIAR.

I don't know we lived right across the way from the school but the children were always late just the same. But one morning I really did see Beatty going across to school and the blind man was just passing by. She ran over to him and took his hand and I could see him smiling down at her and she walked with him to the church two blocks away. I was sweeping the porch and I saw her running back to school but just when she got in the yard the nine o'clock bell was ringing and I knew she was late.

Well when Beatty came home at lunch time she was in a terrible state. She was crying and sobbing and she could hardly talk. I quieted her down and asked her what was the matter and she said when she told her teacher about the blind man the teacher took her to the principal and he laughed and the teacher laughed and then they made her stand in front of the class with a sign on her LIAR and said she took right after Danny.

Beatty was very funny about lies. If she told a lie even a little one that didn't matter she would come to me afterwards and say it wasn't true what I told you mama about being kept in school I just

went to the park with Louise. Sometimes it would be a whole week later when she'd come and tell me something like that—like it had been bothering her all the time. So now I knew how bad she felt because they had called her a liar. She wouldn't eat her lunch but cried and cried and I kept her home from school and she was all hot in the afternoon and in the night she kept waking up and sobbing and I had to quiet her down. And she said she would never go back to school again never never.

The next morning I went to her teacher and I told her how I saw Beatty really taking the blind man and I told her how Beatty was sick. She said she was sorry but she would let Beatty recite for Thanksgiving Day to make it up for her and she would explain to the class. But she said just the same you shouldn't take her so seriously because Beatty loves to dramatize herself. I didn't know what she meant but anyway when I told Beatty about reciting for Thanksgiving she felt better.

The piece she had to recite was about Pilgrims and a stern and rockbound coast and she said she wanted me to make her a Puritan dress and she showed me the picture in her reader and I made her the dress out of grey lining way down to the floor and I made her a white apron and a white kerchief and a little cap. The teacher didn't know she was going to get dressed up and Beatty said she was mad at first but afterwards she laughed and said Beatrice you're the limit of my patience.

MAMA was sick the next year with pneumonia and I helped Jamey's wife with her the most I could but she died. After the funeral there was about two hundred dollars left and Jamey got one hundred and I got one hundred. I spent about twenty-five dollars to buy black clothes because mama would have wanted me to wear black things for her and she had been angry at me because I didn't wear black for Frank only just what I bought for the funeral. And then the rest of the money I had to spend to have Jenny's and Beatty's tonsils taken out and for graduation clothes for Danny.

Danny was fifteen years old when he graduated and that was older than the others but he wasn't very big. He wanted me to buy him a class pin besides his fountain pen and I did but he said he lost it in a few weeks and his fountain pen too. I asked Danny what he wanted to do now and he said he wanted to go to high school and I felt glad because I thought if only Danny would get a good education he'd be a good boy and I was glad it was January when he graduated so he wouldn't change his mind about going to high school in the vacation.

But Danny said he wanted to go to Stuyvesant High School down town because it was a real fel-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

lers school. But Danny I said it will cost so much carfare but Danny said if he couldn't go downtown to high school he didn't want to go at all. Danny had a newspaper route now like Artie and he got a dollar and a half a week too so I said he could use that for his carfares but Danny said no he needed that for spending money he said he couldn't go out with the fellers and be a cheap skate. So then he said I would have to give him a quarter every day ten cents for carfare and fifteen cents for lunch. I told him I'd make a nice lunch for him to take but he said what did I think he was going in the subway with a paper bag of lunch. So I thought I'd do everything like he wanted me to because I was so glad he was going to high school and he said he was going to study to be a bookkeeper.

After Danny was going to high school for about two weeks he began asking me to give him some sandwiches and an apple along because he said he couldn't get enough to eat in the school lunch room for fifteen cents. Danny never came home from school until six o'clock at night and he said it was because he did his lessons at school and that was why he never had to bring home his books. After supper he went around with his newspaper route and then he would stay out sometimes until eleven or even twelve o'clock and when I asked him where he was he said oh just with the fellers.

Artie was working very hard and I didn't think it was good for a boy of fourteen to work so hard but Artie said he didn't mind. He got up with me in

the mornings at six o'clock and after he started the fire for me he went out with a bakery cart with rolls and buns and bread and he pushed it himself and he only just had time to get to school in time after making the deliveries. I didn't want him to take on the paper route too but he said yes so in the afternoons he had the papers to deliver too. In the nights he did his lessons and so now he hardly had any time to be making things except once he got very excited about motor boats and he kept buying a magazine all about motor boats and drawing pictures for building big boats where to put the engines and the places to sleep and everything they need on a boat but when he showed me his pictures I couldn't understand them much because I think you had to know about things like that to understand them. He said he wished he knew how to make blue prints and so I told him to ask one of his teachers in schools how and he did and he showed the teacher his pictures of the motor boat and when he came home that day he was terribly excited. He said Mr. Robinson—that was the name of his drawing teacher—had told him he must be an architect. I asked him what was an architect and he explained how you made pictures only he called them plans for big buildings before they were built and he said that was just what he wanted to be because he didn't just want to draw beautiful things he wanted to build them.

But I couldn't understand about it very much so Artie asked Mr. Robinson to come and see me and

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

he did and he said Artie would make a wonderful architect because he had a good practical mathematical mind as well as a wonderful sense for beauty and he said Artie ought to take only courses at high school to make him ready. Then he said it's time America was creating an architecture of her own and he said a whole lot more about how America must develop her own particular culture because she had a very particular civilization of her own and that he thought Artie had plenty of originality and courage and he hoped to explain to him his ideas so that America wouldn't always be going back to Gothic and Renaissance but would create American architecture. Artie listened to him and his face was all red and his eyes were all shining and I could see he was so happy and I was happy too because he was and I sort of felt that what Mr. Robinson was saying was sort of bigger than maybe I could understand but I knew it was something too that was bigger than all the things that happen every day and was maybe what all people like me had to work for and suffer for.

I said I would try to do my best to send Artie to college and Mr. Robinson said he would train him to take examinations so he would get a scholarship at Columbia and that if ever Artie needed money he would be glad to lend it to him because he didn't have any family of his own and all his ambitions now weren't much good to him but maybe they would be good for Artie.

After Mr. Robinson went away Artie ran up to

• MOTHERS • CRY •

the attic and he stayed there all afternoon. I think he was just too excited and happy and he was maybe a little bit ashamed because he was.

One morning I heard the mailman whistle at our door but when I got there Danny was just closing our box and he said it wasn't anything ma just an ad for me. Then about a week later the same thing happened and I noticed Danny never left for school any more until after the mailman came and I said Danny won't you be late and he said oh no my program was changed and my first class doesn't come until ten o'clock. Then one afternoon the mailman whistled and I went to the box and it was a letter for me. In the corner was printed Office of the Secretary Stuyvesant High School. I opened the letter and it said Dear Madam Since your son Daniel Williams has not been attending school since February 12th we have come to the conclusion that he has dropped his studies. Will you please see that all his books are returned immediately or we shall be obliged to take unpleasant action. We are sorry to have to assume this attitude but as this is our third communication and we have not had the courtesy of a reply we feel that this matter is not receiving proper attention. Very truly yours.

When Danny came home that night I showed him the letter. The lousy bums Danny said the dirty—and then he used a bad word. Danny I said you mustn't talk like that. I want you to explain to me what the letter means. It doesn't mean anything Danny said and he laughed. It's just a mistake

• MOTHERS • CRY •

don't pay attention. So I thought maybe he was right and I threw the letter away but in the night I got to thinking about it and I thought maybe I'd better make sure.

So I went down town the next day and the secretary said no it wasn't a mistake but Danny had only come to school for about two weeks and that when he was there he had had a very bad influence on the spirit of the school and all his teachers complained about him and one teacher caught him cheating and when he did Danny tried to hit the teacher and after that he never came back any more and that all the school wanted now was for him to bring back the books he had or else I must pay them four dollars.

It was two and a half months since Danny had been to school.

All the way home I felt just like I was smothering. Oh I thought I can't bear this I can't bear it. What can I do with Danny. What can I do with Danny. I couldn't breathe because I wanted to cry and I couldn't cry in the subway in front of all the people so when I got home I locked myself in the bathroom so the girls wouldn't see me and I just cried and cried until I could breathe a little better but it felt just like a stone in my chest and my throat hurt me terribly. I felt like there was nobody in the world who could help me and nobody who cared what became of me or of the children. I needed help so much and there was nobody to care if I was alive or dead. And I wondered what I was working so hard for

what I worried about so much for the children. I couldn't understand it. I couldn't understand how all of a sudden they were four different people. Always they were just a part of me. When I was having them they meant taking soda every half an hour and running to the toilet and after they were born they were only just things that happened in *my* life and now here they were and they weren't a part of me at all. They were four people like me with lives of their own and things happening in *their* lives, And I looked down at my body and I wondered where they had all come from and how my body could have anything to do with Arthur Williams and Daniel Williams and Jenny Williams and Beatrice Williams. And I felt like somebody was just using me and I couldn't understand what for. I thought I was just like a sewing machine that was making something and didn't know who was pressing the pedal and didn't know what it was making but just had to keep right on sewing and didn't even know why.

So I called Danny into the parlor that night and I said oh Danny for once please tell me the truth. Please Danny I want to help you and I'll do anything in the world for you. Let's try and talk things out Danny and maybe I can help you get what you want.

So Danny told me how all these months he would go to the parks in the mornings and he would get his lunch in a place called Max's Busy Bee and then afterward he didn't buy lunch at all but took things

from the house and that in the afternoons he went to a vaudeville show or maybe a moving picture and he stayed all afternoon. I asked him about the books and he said he sold them for fifty cents. I told him now I would have to pay four dollars.

Then I told Danny how hard it was for me. How other mothers had husbands to help them and I had it all to do myself and I tried to make him see how bad he was to me and how he made it harder and I think maybe he got a little ashamed because he pulled out two dollars from his pocket and he said here ma you take these and they'll help to pay for the books and I tell you what I'll get a job and I'll go to work and I'll give you all my money.

Now I thought everything is going to be all right for Danny. And sure enough he got a job in a real estate office as an office boy and when he came home the first night he said he liked it fine. I let him wear his graduation suit to work so he would feel good. He got five and a half dollars a week. The first week he gave me three dollars. The next week he said he had some money to pay back to one of the fellows and he gave me only a dollar. Then after that some weeks he gave me two dollars or one dollar or maybe nothing and sometimes he asked me for a dollar in the middle of the week.

In June Beatty and Jenny graduated together because Beatty was skipped twice but Jenny was never left back. Jenny was thirteen and a half and Beatty was twelve and a half and I wondered what they should do now. Jenny said right away she would

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

take the three year course in high school in stenography and typewriting but Beatty said she wanted to try to go to college and so she wanted to take the regular high school course but she said she was going to try to get finished in three years like Artie was trying to do. And that summer Beatty minded a baby afternoons and I saved the money for her so she could have some clothes when high school started. Jenny stayed home and was a wonderful help to me.

And Danny worked right through the whole summer and first he got a raise to six dollars a week and then he got a raise to six and a half dollars and he was getting along fine.

I WAS glad they elected Woodrow Wilson president again because I couldn't bear it to think of going to war. Artie graduated from high school that year and Mr. Robinson helped him study for the examinations for the scholarship and Artie got the best marks of everybody. Artie got another scholarship too and it was from the state and it was for a hundred dollars a year for four years. He finished high school in three years instead of four and wasn't hardly but sixteen years old. Lots of times he looked awfully tired and I wanted him not to work so hard but he said he had to work hard because I worked hard and he wanted to hurry up and make beautiful buildings and earn a lot of money. In the summer he got a job in an architect's office and he gave me all his money and I saved it for him because he was going to have plenty of expenses in college for books and instruments. Afterwards when he started in at college he took a job in a drug store in the afternoons and at supper time at the soda fountain and he made ten dollars a week. He made me take five for myself and I was glad because I needed it on account of everything getting so high because the war started anyway.

The old man upstairs died and his wife went to

live with her sister so I wrote to Mr. Landry to ask him what I should ask for the flat because I knew rents were going up every place. All around now where we lived there were hardly any more private houses left because they were tearing them all down and building big apartment houses and sometimes I could hardly believe it that Prospect Avenue was the same Prospect Avenue it was when we first moved up in the Bronx because now all the beautiful houses and the lawns and the dogs and the trees and the plots of grass in the middle they were all gone and it was all moving picture places and stores and apartment houses.

Mr. Landry said I must ask forty-five dollars now for the flat and I couldn't hardly believe it but the first day when I put out the sign a young couple came and took it right away and they said they would paint and paper it all themselves and I was glad because it would cost maybe seventy dollars and I didn't have any money at all. Mr. Landry said I must only send the twenty-two dollars like always and in a few years I wouldn't even have to send that because the mortgage would be all paid off and I could keep the rest for myself. And he said the house was worth twice as much now and in another ten years would be worth maybe four or five times as much as I paid for it and that I must never sell it without asking him.

It got to be terrible the way everything just went up and up and up. Coal was getting so high I hated to have to order it because when the bill came it

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

was always such a lot more than I expected. Beatty said I must ask more for my sewing and then the girls helped me with some work I got making bead ornaments for Landry's. Jenny worked too on making sweaters and socks for the soldiers but Beatty wouldn't because she said she didn't believe in war. I didn't have much time to think about such things because now I had to work even harder than before even with the extra money.

I guess it was on account of Danny mostly.

Danny kept his job for about eight months and then he came home one time and he said he was let go because business was bad. But the man from his place came to see me and he said it was because they found Danny was stealing all kinds of little things from the office and he stole about four dollars worth of stamps every week for months. They wanted me to know because they thought something ought to be done about it and they said some day he'd land in jail if I didn't do something to make him stop. It was the last Danny ever worked in his life.

They started a pool room on Forest Avenue about two blocks away and Danny was always going there now. One night when it was nearly twelve o'clock I thought I would go there to see why he went there all the time and see if I couldn't get him to come home because it was twelve o'clock already. He was only seventeen then and I didn't think it was right he should stay out so late.

The windows of the store were painted green nearly all the way up so people couldn't see inside

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

but it was summer and the doors were open and I thought I'd stand outside and try to see what it was that kept Danny so late. I could see the men and boys all standing around and some were playing pool. They had their coats off and their vests and their collars were off with the collar button still on the neckband and their sleeves were rolled up. Some of them wore suspenders.

There was a green table in the middle of the store and there was a green glass light hanging over the middle sort of low and there were little square things hanging down from the ceiling and every once in a while the men rubbed their sticks with them and made the end of the stick green. When they started a game they had a thing with three sides and they put all the balls in it on the table and then they took it off and they tried to break up the balls. There was a blackboard on the wall and they marked things on it. Some of them were just boys like Danny and some were a little older and some were a lot older with kind of round bellies and red faces. Everybody was smoking and you could see how thick the air was even with the door open and the smoke went around and around under the light that was hanging low on the table. They were all the time spitting on the floor too and then scraping it with their shoes afterwards. I listened to them talking and all the talk was bragging talk except there were some who didn't talk at all. Everybody was trying to show how smart they were. Some of the talking was about girls and I didn't like to

• MOTHERS • CRY •

hear the way they said things about the girls they could get and what they did when they were alone with the girls. But most of the bragging talk was about getting money by fooling people. One man told how he put a piece of cardboard in a lot of telephone company pay boxes so all the nickels that were supposed to come back didn't and afterwards he went around and took out the cardboard and collected the nickels. And another man told how he ordered clothes from a department store in another man's name and another man told how he made money on racing horses because he knew a man who rode on one of the horses. And Danny told how he took the stamps in the office and how they didn't catch on for months and months and everybody laughed and I guess Danny felt like a hero. Everybody said they knew where there was lots of easy money and they were only waiting for a chance and they said that's what everybody was doing and if people only got a chance they grabbed all they could get and that was how rich people got automobiles and fine clothes and beautiful girls. Danny got all excited then and he said just you fellers wait and see I'll have a sweller car than John D. Rockefeller and then I'll show youse all what a good time is. They all laughed some more and Danny said they could laugh all they wanted but he had more brains and guts than the whole lot of them put together and he'd show them.

Then the policeman came from the other side and I stood back close to the wall so he wouldn't

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

see me. When he walked into the store everybody got kind of quiet about how wonderful they were and sort of smiled kind of like they were trying to be friendly but they looked sort of foolish like they were saying to themselves don't let the other fellers see how scared you are of the cop just make believe you don't care. After the policeman went out again they all began talking again and laughing and telling more stories how smart they were.

I couldn't stand it any more because I don't know why but I began to feel sorry for them. They were all afraid of something inside themselves and they all wanted everybody else to think they weren't afraid and they all felt like they weren't really much good but they all wanted everybody to think they really thought they were wonderful and I don't know it made me want to cry like sometimes I wanted to cry when the children were little and they talked about fairy stories like they were real and all the boys and the men in the pool room seemed like little children that couldn't tell what was real and they were so full of the picture of how they wanted life to be that they couldn't see life like it was.

A man came out then and I asked him to please send Danny out but when Danny came out he was terribly mad at me and he told me to go home right away or he wouldn't come home at all because he wasn't a baby any more and I had no right to come after him he could take care of himself.

So I went home alone and Danny didn't come home until two o'clock in the morning.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

And it got to be the same way all the time. Except sometimes he didn't come home till it was nearly daytime. When I asked him where he was he said shut up or lemme alone. He would sleep the next morning until the afternoon and then he would get up and get washed and dressed. I kept asking him when he was going to get a job and he kept saying times were bad but they weren't bad because everybody was working and making lots of money on account of the war.

He kept taking money from me all the time. He said how did I expect him to go down town looking like a bum so I always had to buy him suits and shirts and shoes and ties. When he got up he'd say gimme a dollar ma and if I said I didn't have it to spare he would begin to yell and make such a noise I'd have to give it to him. He'd say how could I expect him to go down town and look for a job without a cent in his pocket. And it got to be two years and Danny was always the same.

The girls were all right only Beatty sometimes worried me a little. She was always reading such a lot and I was afraid for her eyes. She was like Artie and worked very hard but only if she liked what she was doing. Things came easy for her at school but she belonged to such a lot of clubs and debating societies and literary societies that they took up most of her time. She was always getting excited because something wasn't fair and she talked to me lots about justice and truth. She used to read me her speeches for the debating society all

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

about the literacy test and about eight hour laws and about vegetarianism. And once she was a vegetarian for four months and it was such a lot of trouble having to cook special things for her because even if I put gravy on the vegetables she wouldn't eat them and I had to cook her vegetables separate from everybody else's. She was always getting in trouble in school on account of the war because she would say things in class against it and then the teachers would get mad.

There was a lot of trouble then because the suffragettes were walking up and down in front of the president with signs about votes for women and Beatty went down to their office and she said she wanted to go too but they said she was too young and she got mad. Beatty's feelings were all the time getting hurt.

And one day Beatty came home and all her hair was cut off and she looked just like a boy because her hair was curly and it curled up short. I asked her why she did it and she said it was to show her emancipation.

Then when the war was over Beatty went around making speeches on the street corners because there was a man and his name was Debs and he was in prison. Beatty was so pretty with her black curly hair and her black eyes that when she made the speeches all the toughs said oh you kid and oh cutie and when I heard them I said she mustn't ever do it again but Beatty said she wasn't going to let any bums interfere with her work for liberty and the

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

brotherhood of man and that she had consecrated herself to a cause and so she must obey the cause and not me and I couldn't do anything with her.

Once when I was talking about Aunt Katie's Gussie Beatty said oh mother you're awfully sweet but you're so narrow minded. Beatty always called me mother now because she said it was more refined than mama. She wanted Jenny to too but Jenny said she just couldn't it didn't sound natural and so Jenny always called me mama. So Beatty said oh mother you're so narrow minded. Just because Gussie ran away with a man and didn't marry him. If Gussie was the man you wouldn't always be holding her up as a horrible example.

I felt terrible to hear Beatty talk like that because I knew she didn't know what she was saying and I said it to her. She began to laugh and said oh don't I. Do you see this book she said. Well this is going to be the class play this year. I'm on the committee to choose and this play tells everything all the truth. I looked at the book and it was called *Damaged Goods*.

The next day Beatty came home from school and she was nearly crying. She said the committee all agreed on the play but when they showed it to the teachers some of them laughed but some were very mad and Beatty said anyway they ought to give the play because it told the whole truth. And so the next day she made the debating club challenge another debating club about whether they should give the piece or not. And then the teachers wouldn't

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

let them hold the debate. So Beatty said all right we'll hold it in the street and they did and all the newspapers printed stories about it and the stories were kind of teasing stories like they were making fun of Beatty and Beatty was terribly mad and said they didn't appreciate the seriousness of the situation and she as a member of the new generation wanted to protect herself and others by spreading the truth but when she said these things to the newspaper men they made them all sound funny and so Beatty cried and she said it wasn't right to have any sense of humor when principles were at stake.

But they wouldn't let them give the piece called Damaged Goods anyhow and so Beatty resigned and then a teacher picked out a play how a young man and a young girl are invited to a ball in an insane asylum and how the young man thinks the young girl is crazy and how the young girl thinks the young man is crazy and how frightened they are of each other but in the end it all turns out perfectly all right. And everybody said no one but Beatty could play the heroine and so they got up a committee to ask her please to play it and Beatty said although she considered the play was very trivial her loyalty to the club made her accept. I was glad she did because I knew she was always happy when she was playing in pieces and her feelings had been terribly hurt by everybody laughing at her especially a funny picture one man drew in a paper of the piece Damaged Goods being played by kewpie dolls.

And when it got to be graduation time Beatty won

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

the oratorical contest with a speech that was all about the bitter cry of the children and it was about little children working in factories and in mines and not having enough to eat or enough clothes to wear and dying of consumption. Beatty could talk so she could make everybody cry.

But one thing that frightened me terribly about Beatty was the way she hated Danny. They never talked together now any more because once they had a terrible fight and Danny hit her. When Danny was in the room Beatty walked out. She kept telling me he was only a bum and I ought to throw him out but I said Danny was my child just the same as all of them. I think she hated him so much because he made me so much trouble. And I think it was a little bit because in a way she was like Danny too and she didn't want to see things like they were but wanted things to be like she thought they ought to be and Danny was always sort of breaking in on her dreams. Whenever she heard Danny ask me for money she would walk out of the room and her face would be all dark and her eyes would look terrible.

Sometimes Beatty would be coming home from school when Danny was just getting up and maybe he would be sitting at the table kind of hunched up over his coffee like he always did and she would look at him in such a way it would just stab me because I could see she hated him so much and I could see how it hurt her to hate him so much and she would be nearly crying with feeling so bitter.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

One night Danny came home and I guess he had been drinking a terrible lot and he vomited in the parlor and all over and I had to clean it up. Beatty began to moan and moan and she said I'll kill him I'll kill him and then she threw herself down on her bed and she sobbed and sobbed and kept moaning and crying and even after I put Danny to bed and we were all asleep I heard Jenny get up in the middle of the night and get her a glass of water.

But a terrible thing happened one time. Danny got some kind of sickness and Artie wouldn't let me nurse him. Artie slept up in the attic and he made me boil everything that Danny used and all day and all night I passed him basins of hot water and cloths. Beatty seemed to know all about it and she said when he gets better if he stays in this house I'm going to get out. I was so miserable because I knew Danny's sickness came from badness and had something to do with bad girls and I was worried maybe Artie wasn't taking care of him right and I could hear Danny making noises like he was in awful pain but Artie wouldn't let me in and all the time Beatty went around the house sort of eating out her heart and feeding up her hate and her eyes getting darker and darker with big circles under them and her face showing how she was suffering something that maybe I couldn't understand.

THE two girls graduated high school together because Beatty did get through in three years like she said she would but she had to work awfully hard to do it.

Jenny was only sixteen and I didn't like to see her going to work but she said that's what she took the commercial course for and she got a job in a printing shop being a stenographer. It was only a little shop with just the boss and a man to help him and Jenny was only a beginner but she got ten dollars a week. She gave me all her money and I gave her carfares and she took lunch from home and I put three dollars in the bank for her every week. After a while Jenny said she liked it because her boss was very kind and wasn't a bit hard and lots of times when things were slack he let her go home at five o'clock instead of half past five. And after three months she got a raise to eleven dollars a week and she said her boss told her he liked her because she was so quiet and modest and did her work so nicely.

Beatty started college but it was a college where you didn't have to pay and then she took a job as a waitress in a girls' club near the college and she had to go to the club in the morning before her

classes to bring in the breakfast and in the night she had to go there again to bring in supper. So she was terribly tired when she came home and I asked her please not to do it but she said somebody in the family had to make up for Danny and she said it so bitterly I didn't answer her.

It was terrible that Beatty should hate Danny so much and I felt so badly because I was always sure Danny was going to be all right soon. I kept thinking how if only he'd get a job and settle down and I guess maybe I didn't notice how the years were going by and how he was twenty already and I guess Beatty did and she hated for me to have to work so hard but I wasn't working so hard as I used to—I didn't get up mornings now till seven o'clock and some mornings maybe not till half past seven and now I had a man come around to attend to the furnace.

After Beatty was in college for about a year she said mama I simply must make some money and I think I'll try to write some stories. That's what I'm going to be anyway a writer so I'm going to begin immediately. So she wrote a story and Jenny copied it out on the typewriter down at her place and Beatty gave it to me to read before she sent it away. It was about a girl who had high ideals and was a worker in a settlement and a rich man fell in love with her and she made him think the way she did and he gave all his money to build a settlement and the girl was the manager and they both spent the rest of their lives working for others. It was very

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

sad I mean the parts where she told how the poor people lived. Isn't it a wonderful story mama Beatty asked me and I said yes I thought it was a nice story and so she sent it away to the Saturday Evening Post and then afterwards all day long when she was home she kept running to the letter box all the time. She kept saying how now maybe she would get two hundred dollars or maybe three hundred or maybe even five hundred dollars for it and she said then mama I'll give it all to you.

But in a week the story came back. Beatty was terribly disappointed but then she said she thought she made a mistake to send it to that magazine because it was too highbrow for them and so she sent it out to the Atlantic Monthly this time. Then she watched the letter box again every day but the story came back again.

This time Beatty was miserable and she said I'm no good as a writer and I'll never be any good for anything at all and I might as well kill myself. But I said Beatty you're only seventeen so how can you say that but she was so unhappy about the whole thing because she had told all the girls at college about it and so I bought her some goods and I started to make her a dress and at first she said she didn't want the dress and she wouldn't even let me try it on but when I put it on the form to see she came over and she said she thought it was going to be too long and she put it on to see and she began to show me the places where it didn't fit and afterwards when the dress was finished she liked it.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

One thing that made me happy about the children was the way Beatty and Artie were such good friends. Beatty was crazy about Artie and Artie was crazy about Beatty. And after a while Artie got Beatty a job afternoons in a book store and Beatty didn't have to work so hard and besides now she had all the books to read she wanted.

Artie laughed at Beatty lots of times and they had fights together lots of times but I guess they must have liked it because they were always arguing together. Artie was nearly twenty now and he only had about another year more to finish studying but he looked like twenty-five. I guess maybe it was because he worked so hard.

Artie would say Beatty you shouldn't take your ideas so hard. Everything that is is right or it wouldn't be. Then he'd tell her how all her worrying and fretting wouldn't change the world and he said it was all so complicated if you changed one thing for the better it might make something else worse. But Artie agreed with Beatty when she talked about the war. That's because I'm a builder Artie said and I hate to see things that other men have created destroyed so wantonly. But you're just a sentimentalist Beatty and you simply shrink from pain and trouble because you don't like to think they are there. Beatty would get mad whenever Artie said she was a sentimentalist. Yes she used to say when anyone wants to be really practical and make the world more beautiful so we could all be more happy you call them sentimentalists.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

They used to talk so loud sometimes they were almost fighting but just the same they always listened to each other. Sometimes they used to talk about what they were going to do. And when Artie talked about what he was going to do and the things he was going to build he was like another person. His eyes got so shining and his face got all warm and it kind of made me think of how I used to feel right after I had a new baby.

Artie would say Beatty you have talent in six different directions but yours is an emotional talent and you won't be able to do a thing with it until you can accept suffering and pain as part of life. Once he said and for the love of mike will you just concentrate a little bit on some of that emotional talent of yours and stop making soap box speeches on bad economics. If you can get yourself to create some real beauty you'll do lots more good. And Beatty got mad again and said what he was saying was thousands of years old and it was just the individualist fighting against the socially conscious being.

They would carry on like that for maybe hours and hours and Jenny who was always so shy and didn't know what they were so excited for used to just quietly bring them cups of tea and maybe some cakes or bread and butter and they'd drink the tea and eat the cakes and they'd hardly notice it was Jenny. But Jenny didn't mind. She did things like that because she liked to.

MEANTIME Jenny was working along steady all the time and having a good time in her own quiet way. She was down at Mr. Cooper's place now for two years and she was making fifteen dollars a week now. She belonged to the Y. W. C. A. and she went there swimming every week on Tuesdays and she belonged to a cooking club there and sometimes she used to go out with the girls she met there.

One time Jenny took me to the new Capitol to see a picture and I never was in such a wonderful place. And when the music was playing I kept thinking about away back when I used to take the children sometimes with me to the moving pictures when they had the pictures in stores and it only cost a nickel for me and a nickel for two children together and how the children used to fall asleep. And Danny used to read me the titles because they were in little print and I couldn't see so far I guess maybe sewing on the machine was making my eyes like that. So when I was sitting there in that great big shining Capitol I could smell it again the funny smell the little store had where they gave the pictures sort of dusty and that stuff they used to spray around in the air that was all smelly and how when nearly everybody went home and it was getting late

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

but Danny wanted to see to the very end and there were maybe only five or six people left and the piano playing along kind of hippity hippity and kind of sleepy and playing the same tune over and over again. And once Danny and I saw a picture and it was called *The Bridge of Sighs* and it was about a bridge that crossed over to a prison and I cried and cried and after awhile Danny could hardly say the words of the titles because he was all choked up too and the store so empty and dark and the piano sounding so tired and yet pushing ahead and ahead to the end. It was twenty years afterwards when Danny was killed in the electric chair and when they were killing him I could hear it—the piano trying to finish to the end of the picture and then the five or six people getting up from the benches and remembering how cold it was outside and having to walk maybe ten blocks in the cold when you were so sleepy and all the sadness of it trying to get a little pleasure and coming home so sad and miserable and cold.

But now I was sitting and listening to about sixty men and they were all playing different things and it was all so fine.

And so Jenny just went on in her quiet sort of scared way and sometimes Beatty would look at her and say Jenny I wonder if you're an angel or just plain dumb. Jenny was never unhappy and she wasn't full of plans like Beatty. She just liked to keep busy doing little things and she kept Beatty's things tidy like she kept her own because Beatty

wasn't tidy. One time she was fixing Beatty's stocking and Beatty said to her Jenny what do you think about when you're darning stockings and Jenny looked up at her and she said nothing I just rest. Beatty said it was a waste of time to fix and mend that we ought to save our time for using our intellect. But I haven't any intellect Jenny said. So then Beatty ran over to her and kissed her and said that's right you haven't any intellect and you'll just grow up like mama nice and sweet and all you'll get for your pains will be trouble and brats like me.

Jenny was changing a lot these days. She was eighteen now and she was getting kind of rounder and not so scrawny and sort of prettier and one day she came home from work and she said Mr. Cooper—that was Jenny's boss—asked me to ask you if he could take me out some time. Mr. Cooper was getting on and now he had two men working for him in the shop instead of just one.

I sent a little note by Jenny and I asked him would he like to come and have supper at the house on Thursday and he sent a note back by Jenny and said he would be pleased to.

So on Thursday I cleaned the house from top to bottom and I covered the sewing machine in the parlor and washed the curtains and washed and ironed a clean table cloth and napkins. And I set the table in the dining room. Danny hadn't come home now for a week so I knew he wouldn't be home tonight for supper. Danny lots of times

• MOTHERS • CRY •

stayed away like that now sometimes for nearly two weeks.

Jenny came home early and took a bath and put on a new blue crepe de chine dress I made her and she looked nice in blue just like I used to look nice in blue too. Lots more girls were cutting their hair now but Jenny never cut hers. She just sort of fixed it plain not fancy but it looked very nice where she twined it around on her neck in the back. Beatty teased her all the time she was dressing about the poor working girl entertaining her rich boss. But he isn't rich Jenny said he's only just struggling to build up the business and he only takes thirty-five dollars out each week. And he isn't a bit like a boss to me. And then Beatty teased her again and said how does it feel to be in love and Jenny got red and said Beatty don't be so fresh I'm not in love. Mr. Cooper's lovely and he treats me so nice and I can't help admiring him but I'm too young to be in love. And then Artie said here you Beatty you lay off Jenny because where you may think you have brains Jenny has race and in women that's what counts most. So Beatty flew at him and they began fighting and arguing and Beatty said just because you're going to be a third rate architect doesn't mean you know anything about social problems. Women are through with race and they're going to be architects too and that's what scares you stiff lord high muck a muck. Artie laughed and he said not while there are so many Jennys in the world—lots more than Beattys dar-

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

ling he said. And you young lady will also learn your place as a biological necessity only it will come hard. They had to stop arguing because the bell rang and it was Mr. Cooper.

I liked Mr. Cooper right away because he looked so steady. He was a real workingman—you could see that and his hands they were clean but you could see where he couldn't get all the ink out under the nails and in the cracks of his fingers. But his face was kind and you could see you could depend on him.

I made a lovely supper chicken and dumplings and carrots and peas and candied sweet potatoes and peach pie with ice cream on top and coffee. Jenny helped me with the pie and when Mr. Cooper said how good the pie was I told him. Mr. Cooper told us how he was living up in the Bronx too only over Fordham way and he lived with his mother and she was a widow and he said they were beginning to build and build up there too and now their house was getting to be worth lots more money. I told him that was the way with ours too and he said he wouldn't be surprised if some day I didn't get twenty-five thousand dollars for it because they would want the lot for an apartment house.

After supper Mr. Cooper said could he take Jenny to the pictures and I said yes. After they went out Beatty said oh what a ham sandwich he is and Artie said why and Beatty said he's so dumb did you hear him talking about the Bolsheviki nationalizing the women. Well what of it Artie said he doesn't

• MOTHERS • CRY •

need brains because he's too busy being backbone. He's what you call the backbone of the nation. Oh said Beatty you give me a pain in my backbone and they both laughed and Artie said darling sister if you aren't going to accept life and people as they are you're going to get one awful wallop one of these days. No said Beatty I won't accept life as it is because I'm going to make life just as beautiful as I can otherwise it isn't worth living.

Then Artie said he had some work to do up in the attic and he went upstairs. He fixed the attic all up so it was his room and now he slept there all the time. He had a big blackboard there and he was always working with figures and sometimes with letters like a and b and c and x and y and m and with funny signs and he made a drawing board for himself and he used to draw the pictures of his buildings on the drawing board and they didn't look to me like pictures of buildings I ever saw. They were all so sort of straight up and very high with kind of long square pieces bitten out of them in funny places. Something like how you build houses out of blocks but not even.

All the time Artie was studying he was earning money making the blue papers with white lines—blue prints. It's hack work mother he said but nothing's too bad to free you from some drudgery and that awful sewing machine. Whenever he could he gave me money sometimes five dollars and sometimes ten dollars a week. He wanted me to give the laundry out and so I did just wet wash though

• MOTHERS • CRY •

and I ironed it myself. I don't mind working Artie I said I don't work nearly so hard as I used to. I wonder mother Artie said if you ever realize you're only forty years old. Why you're just a young woman and you ought to start trying to get other interests in life. Oh Artie I said you children are enough interest. You know Artie when I was a girl I never thought how much happened in life and when you were all babies I never could think some day you'd all be grown up and people and I can't understand it yet it seems so wonderful to me. So Artie came over and he kissed me and said don't worry mother I'll never forget all you did for me and all my life I'll stick to you. Oh Artie.

All of a sudden we heard a terrible noise outside the house—men and boys shouting and screaming and yelling and I heard someone say this is where the son of a bitch lives and then I heard them coming up the wooden stairs of the porch and yelling and swearing and saying now then you god damn squealer and something fell down heavy on the porch. I ran to the door and Beatty ran too and Artie and when we opened the door there were a lot of men running down the stairs and up the street and Artie said what the devil is it all about and then Beatty screamed it's Danny and she fainted.

Artie carried her in first to the parlor and she came to while she was in his arms and she was crying and laughing together and saying Danny Danny he's all bleeding. I was bending over Danny on the porch and the light was shining from the parlor and

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

there was blood coming out of his mouth and blood over his shirt. He was lying all in a pile. I helped Artie carry him in to his room and we put him on the bed and he began to moan and moan. His face was all cut—there was a big cut on his head and one of his eyes was swollen and his lips were all cut and swollen. Artie said get some water quick and Beatty ran to the bathroom. Take the white basin I said it's clean. Artie washed off his face and Danny opened his other eye. Beatty run quick and get a doctor I said but when Danny heard me he nearly jumped out of bed and he said jesus christ don't get a doctor and then he fell back again on the bed and was crying and groaning. I helped Artie undress him and he was black and blue all over and on his back there was another terrible big cut and his shirt was all stuck in it. I wanted to call a doctor so bad I didn't know maybe his bones were broken but Artie said better not Danny knows best. So we washed all his cuts clean and I put a cold compress on his eyes and we put a bandage on his head. I never saw anybody's body look like Danny's did and it made me sick with hurting. All of a sudden I could see him like he was when he was a baby and I was changing his diaper and powdering him and how pink and soft and sweet his body was when I kissed him all over and it didn't seem to me that all this purple swollen bleeding person had anything to do with the baby whose body I had kissed twenty years ago.

Then Artie gave Danny something to drink to

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

make him sleep and pretty soon he fell asleep and we left him alone. Artie said he would sleep in Danny's room tonight. Beatty was downstairs in the kitchen and her face was all yellow. She looked very terrible. She was holding her hands together pressed so tight and her nails were cutting into her hands and I thought she would never be able to get her hands open again. She was walking up and down up and down and sobbing and sobbing not like she was crying but like she couldn't get the crying out and she was saying over and over I can't bear it oh I can't bear it I can't I can't I can't. Then she stopped walking and Artie made her sit down by the kitchen table but she kept swaying and making that awful dry sobbing noise. Artie she said why didn't they kill him. Why must we all suffer like this for him. It isn't right. He's no good to anybody in all the world and all he does is bring misery upon misery upon us all.

Artie talked to her softly and got her quieted down a little and went up with her to her room and he gave her something to drink too to make her sleep.

Just then I heard Jenny and Mr. Cooper coming back. Jenny said oh mama you look so frightened what's the matter. So I said nothing only we were all frightened by some rowdies making a lot of noise a little while ago out on the street. So then I made some tea for them and I had some cookies and afterwards Mr. Cooper went home and he said he wanted me and Jenny to come and visit with him

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

and his mother some day soon. So then I sent Jenny up to bed and afterwards I looked in Danny's room and he was sleeping.

Artie sat with me while I was clearing away the dishes and then I sat down too. I was crying now and Artie said don't mother don't please don't. Then I said oh Artie what should I do what should I do. Danny's not even twenty-two yet and I don't know what we can do to save him. Artie said I don't know either mother but I think you ought not to let him come here any more. I can't do that Artie I said I can't. He's my child just the same as all of you and even if he's a gangster it doesn't make me feel any different to him. I can't help it Artie feeling like that it isn't my fault and nothing can change it. And Artie said I know mother I know. It's not much comfort to know that the same blind maternity which is sending me on I hope to achievement is sending him on we all know to destruction. Artie I said couldn't you get him a job some place. But Artie just sort of stroked my hair and he said it's six years since Danny had a job.

And I thought yes six years since Danny had a job. What had he been doing all these six years. And I felt so tired and like it was my spirit that was all purple and bleeding—like my spirit that had just had a terrible beating a terrible terrible beating.

MR. COOPER began taking Jenny out regularly now and I knew I didn't have to worry about her because I knew she was just like me. But I did worry about Mr. Cooper because I was afraid if he knew about Danny being a gangster he wouldn't like to take Jenny out.

We went to Mr. Cooper's house for dinner one Sunday and it was the first time since Frank died that somebody else cooked for me and that somebody else waited on me. Mrs. Cooper was a little fat round lady and she was very good and kind to Jenny and to me. She showed me all around her house and she had such lovely embroidery and I thought how I used to make embroidery too but how it had been so many years because now I was always so busy sewing on the machine. She said she thought I was wonderful the way I raised my children after my husband died and she thought the way Jenny talked about me was lovely and it showed what a good girl Jenny was. Her husband she said died only three years ago and he was a printer too only he always worked for somebody else but he got good wages and she never had anything to complain about only he played cards some and sometimes when she wanted to buy a rug or new dishes

she couldn't because he would gamble the money away. She had two daughters too and they were both married and one of them had three children and she showed me all their pictures. She was so nice and friendly and she talked such a lot and I was so glad because I never had much to say when I didn't know anybody real well and it was so many years since I had friends and went visiting. But all the time I was thinking what would she say if she knew about Danny.

Mr. Cooper and Jenny went out for a while. He had lots of friends and some of them had automobiles and they went out together. Jenny used to come home and tell me how some of the girls let the men kiss them when everybody was looking and sometimes some of the men drank but she said Mr. Cooper never tried to kiss her and he didn't drink.

When they came back we had a cold supper of ham and potato salad and pie and coffee and it was all so good. Jenny helped Mrs. Cooper set the table and do the dishes afterwards and I could see that Mrs. Cooper liked her so much. And I began to worry more and more about what Mr. Cooper and his mother would think if they knew about Danny.

It was lovely that spring. I don't know why I noticed how lovely it was except I didn't have so much work to do and I had more time to notice. But the bulbs came up so nicely and everything got green so suddenly. I planted the vegetable garden early because it was so warm and I remember I planted lettuce because I felt like I wanted to try



A First National and Vitaphone Production.

"FOLKS THIS IS SALVAGE, MY WIFE, AND DON'T EVER SPELL HER NAME WITH AN 'L'."

Mothers Cry.

something different that spring. I got to sleeping later in bed and some mornings I didn't get up till nearly nine o'clock and Jenny and Beatty and Artie used to get their own breakfast. Danny was home now too but he didn't get up till the afternoons like he always did when he was home. He went with a different crowd now away down town and he used to be all the time in a restaurant on a street called Delancey Street. Beatty knew all about it and said it was on the East Side. Two nights a week Beatty worked in a settlement down there and she was taking lessons in dancing in a place called the Neighborhood Playhouse and once she was in a play that they played down there.

Beatty had just about a year or so more to finish college and then she was going to be a high school teacher in English. She was getting pretty now too sort of rounder and healthier looking with red cheeks and with her dark skin and her black curly hair she looked more and more like Aunt Kate's Gussie did when she was a girl. One time she went to a doctor and she made him make holes in her ears and she bought a pair of gold ear rings. She wanted to look like a gypsy.

And Jenny too was so pretty in her quiet way. I could see she was in love with Mr. Cooper because she was always finding an excuse to talk about him. Once she was helping me in the garden and we were putting in a new rose bush because the one we had got frostbitten and Jenny said to me do you think it would be right mama for me to marry

Mr. Cooper. Then she got red. I mean if he asks me. Oh Jenny I said you're so young yet you're only eighteen don't talk about marrying. But I was saying that because I knew she was thinking about what Mr. Cooper would say if he knew about Danny and I didn't want to talk about it. But Jenny wouldn't take my answer and she said yes but do you think it would be right. So I thought maybe it would be better to get it finished now before Jenny got any deeper with Mr. Cooper. So I said I know Jenny you mean about Danny. I think maybe we ought to tell him. And Jenny said yes I think so too. But I said he hasn't asked you yet to marry him. And Jenny said that will make it easier. I tell you what—Eddie's coming home with me next Saturday afternoon and if you sort of mention about Danny—I know she said—you ask him for advice about Danny—and that will be a good way to tell him. Then if he is upset and doesn't want to marry into the family of well of a person like Danny he can get out of it easy and I'll be able to tell and I'll get another job and then everything will be all right. Only I was worried because I could see that everything wouldn't be all right at all.

So on Saturday afternoon I said oh Mr. Cooper I wonder if you could give me some advice about my son. And then I told him all about Danny about his not working now for six years and how I knew he was doing things that were wrong and how now for years every time I saw a policeman coming near the house I was sure it was for Danny and about

• *MOTHERS* • *CRY* •

the time he got beaten and now about his belonging to a gang down town. Mr. Cooper listened to me quietly and then he said why don't you throw him out. Then he said lots of times in real nice families there's a black sheep like that and I think the only thing to do is to let them go to the devil if they want to but you oughtn't to let him worry you just don't ever let him in the house again. I didn't say anything because I'd heard all that before but Mr. Cooper went right on talking. Now this opens up the very question I've been wanting to talk about Mrs. Williams he said. The question about Jenny and me. You know Mrs. Williams I'd like to marry Jenny and I'm wondering if you'd like it. I was kind of struck by the sudden way he put it and I said he'd have to speak to Jenny. You know Mrs. Williams I'm crazy about her she's so good and so sweet and she's so pretty and I love her very much. Well I laughed you'd better tell her that and I went out and I called Jenny in from the garden and his face was all red. Then I left them alone.

Jenny came out afterwards to me in the garden and her cheeks were all pink and I could see she was terribly excited and she was sort of nearly dancing up and down and she said do you know when I asked him did he want to marry me when I had a brother like Danny he laughed and said I'm not marrying your brother I'm only marrying you but I wish I was marrying your mother too.

And so I was very glad because I just couldn't bear

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

it that I should have to think that Danny was spoiling it for Jenny and bringing her misery too.

So now Jenny was keeping company with Mr. Cooper and it seemed so funny to me that here was Jenny thinking of getting married when it was only such a little while back when she was only a little girl going to school in short skirts.

ARTIE was going to take his examinations the last week in May and he was studying all the time now. I hardly ever saw him he was always up in the attic and came down just to eat. Sometimes in the night I could hear him go down to the kitchen to get some coffee. Artie never talked much about his work at school but I know he was the president of his class twice. He used to see Mr. Robinson often and two or three times he borrowed money from him when he needed it.

When it came examination week Artie didn't sleep at all. He said if he could only come through with decent marks he knew a wonderful job he could get with a firm that he said was the most progressive in America. He said it was the only firm that would ever give him a chance to try out his ideas. I worried about him so all that week because he was like a fire burning too hot all the time. And then when he was taking the examinations he was so cranky we didn't dare talk to him at all.

Afterwards it was even worse while he was waiting to find out and I thought he would go crazy because he kept saying he was sure he should have done differently. But after three days Artie came home and grabbed me and kissed me and said he

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

had the highest marks of everybody in the whole class.

It came graduation day for Artie and I had some money saved and I asked Mr. Cooper to help me buy a real gold watch for Artie and we found a lovely one that cost forty dollars and I just had written inside From Mother 1922. I took Jenny and Beatty to the exercises and Mr. Cooper gave Jenny the day off.

All the mothers and fathers were there and everybody was so excited and happy and proud. I couldn't hardly believe it that I had a son that was graduating from a great big university. The other people there were kind of rich looking people and Beatty and Jenny and I felt sort of shy and so we didn't talk and laugh like everybody was doing but we just sat quietly. Then after the speeches and all they gave out the prizes and the first prize was the Harriman Memorial Prize and it was for five hundred dollars and they gave it to Artie. Everybody clapped and cheered but I was crying and so I just sat still because I was so ashamed but Beatty and Jenny got excited and stood up with everybody and Beatty turned to a lady that was sitting next to her and said that's my brother and everybody turned around and looked at us and smiled. And then when they gave out the degrees Artie got his with some latin words and they meant he got it with a lot of praise. Then all the graduates ran to their folks and everybody kissed everybody and Artie ran to me and he hugged me and hugged me and I

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

hugged him and I couldn't hardly bear to let him go. Everybody went outside then on the grass and people kept coming up to us and shaking hands and Artie brought over some of his professors to me and one of them said aren't you proud to have such a fine son and Artie said quick it's I sir that am proud to have such a fine mother. So they both laughed. Everything looked beautiful that morning in the sun out on the grass with all the fine buildings around and all the graduates dressed in their black robes and hats and all the relatives all dressed in pretty light colors and everything so happy and glad to be alive and glad to be struggling and I don't know how but my hands were full of flowers and strange people were telling me how wonderful Artie was and Beatty and Jenny stood there so pretty in their new dresses. I kept looking at them all three of them so straight and young and Artie so tall and handsome and knowing just what he wanted out of life and taking it just the way he wanted it and Beatty so full of life and hope and so afraid of pain and Jenny who was happy just if she was living and I felt that being alive was very very wonderful and that life was kind of going right through my body and that it was something very fine and worth while. And I looked again at my hands and my feet and my body and I wondered how it had all come out of me and I felt myself all burning high and bright with all the things that had been happening to us all.

We took a taxi cab all the way home and it was

• MOTHERS • CRY •

the first time I ever rode in an automobile except the fifth avenue bus and I was a little frightened. We talked about what Artie was going to do with the five hundred dollars and he said well I'm going to give mama half of it and she's going away to the country for the summer and I think I might buy Beatty one of those nice fat juicy books she likes so much and I think it would be a good idea to get Jenny a silver mesh bag and then I'd better have some clothes and some books and instruments I need and then I'm going down to get a job with Forster Abercrombie Forster and Sydenham. They'll surely take me on now because when I talked to them they said if I had any decent sort of a record they would. But the most important thing is that mama gets a rest.

Oh Artie I said keep the money I don't need it and I wouldn't know where to go. And I couldn't leave you all alone. Oh but I'm going to find a place for you Artie said and Beatty and Jenny and I will keep house for ourselves. I couldn't say anything but I was so used to fretting all the time about the children and it seemed queer to me to have any of the children fretting about me.

That night when we were all in the middle of having some tea and some sandwiches for supper down in the kitchen and still talking about Artie's graduation we heard Danny come in upstairs. Hello he called out where's the whole damn family. So I called out we're down in the kitchen. And do you expect me to present my bride in the kitchen

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Danny called down and I heard a girl laugh. I jumped up from the table and I ran upstairs and Artie and Jenny ran up too but Beatty stayed where she was sitting at the kitchen table but a terrible look came over her face like suddenly she had an awful pain.

Danny was sitting in the parlor all dressed in a new suit and on one side of him was sitting a man a kind of big man with a big face and on Danny's knee was sitting a girl. Meet the wife Danny said to me. So she got up from his knee and I shook hands with her and said how do you do and she said how do you do and took off her hat. And then I told her who Artie was and Jenny.

Her hair was all yellow but dark near her head and she looked funny because she had a lot of pink powder all around her nose and her mouth but no place else and the rest of her face was kind of dark like Beatty's. She had paint on her cheeks and paint on her lips and she was wearing a red dress trimmed with gold lace and her hat was gold lace too only it had started to get black. Her eyes were big and black and they had a funny look in them like she didn't always understand what you were saying. They were sort of empty and on account of her bottom lip being thick and hangy she looked like some children I used to see in an asylum that was on the next block when I lived down near third avenue with mama and the asylum was for children who weren't so smart as most children but had something the matter with their minds.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

So I said what's your wife's name. And Danny said her name's Sadye Noonan and believe me you'd better always be sure to spell it with a y if you want to keep on the right side of her. Then the big man with the big face said and I'm Sadye's brother. And he turned to Artie and Jenny and said beggin your pardon but could I have a word alone with Mrs. Williams here. So Artie and Jenny went downstairs and I told Danny and Sadye to go out on the porch because I remembered Beatty's face.

You see Mrs. Williams this has been a very hard time for all of us but I'm glad to say that everything's all straight now. And then he told me the whole story.

Danny saw Sadye in a dance place at Clason Point for the first time and she was dancing with her girl friend but he took her away and danced with her and afterwards they went on all the things and then Danny took her to a hotel and after that he kept seeing her all the time and taking her to dancing places. Then Mr. Noonan's wife said one day the way Sadye was acting lately she was sure she was going to have a baby. His wife was in the family way too and so she knew all about it. So Mr. Noonan asked Sadye about it and she told him the whole story and when Danny came this afternoon to call for her he said Danny must marry her. Danny tried to get out of it but Mr. Noonan said if he didn't marry her he'd have him arrested because Sadye was only just sixteen now. So they went

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

over right away to the county courthouse and they got a license and were married.

Then Mr. Williams said now ma'am I tell you what I can do. I understand Danny hasn't been working for some time. Now I run a taxi cab business. I've got four cabs operating now and it's good business. I'm willing to give Danny a cab for a wedding present because I'm damn fond of Sadye and I want to see her taken care of right. He can make forty or fifty dollars a week easy. But now the question is where are they going to live.

All I could think of was Danny's going to have a baby. Danny's going to have a baby. So I said very quickly they can live here. We nearly always eat in the kitchen anyways and I'll have new paper put in the dining room and I'll fix it up like a bedroom and they can live there till Danny makes his own home. And besides I said Sadye if she's going to have a baby will need me to help her.

Then I went down and I told Artie and Jenny and Beatty everything Mr. Noonan said and everything I said. Beatty stood up and she said you mean to tell me he's going to bring her here to live. And I said yes. She got all excited and said so now instead of one bum on your hands you'll have two living on you. So I said oh no Beatty Danny's got a taxi cab now and he's going to work and now that he has a family to take care of everything is going to be all changed. And Beatty said yes all changed. We don't need any blind babies in this house and I know Danny he'll never work in all his life as long

• MOTHERS • CRY •

as he's got you he can bloodsuck and now he's got somebody to help him. But I said no Beatty I'm sure I'm right this time and now Danny has a family he'll be all right and his brother-in-law will help him get started and pretty soon he'll have enough money and they'll be able to have a home of their own. Beatty didn't say anything only she made a funny kind of noise and then she said and where's the money coming from to fix over the dining room. Oh I said I'll use the money that Artie promised me. Then Beatty got awful mad and she turned around to Artie and she was so mad she could hardly talk and her voice was all choked and hoarse and she sort of yelled don't give her the money Artie don't give it to her. So I turned to Artie and I said oh Artie I don't want to go away to the country with a lot of strange people and I don't work nearly so hard now and besides I'll have Sadye now to help me with the housework and oh I do want so to help Danny go straight. I'm sure everything's all right now and Danny's going to settle down.

Then Artie said I gave you the money mother and you can do as you please. I'm sorry I can't be as optimistic as you are but I want you to have your chance to think that you did everything you could for Danny so you won't ever reproach yourself. I'll get the check cashed tomorrow and you can have it.

Beatty ran upstairs to her room and I heard the door slam and I knew she was crying.

So it was all settled.

THE next day I went out with Sadye to buy a bedroom set. We got one in grey enamel with a wooden bed a nice dresser and a nice chifferobe and a little vanity table and I put light blue oatmeal paper on the wall and painted the woodwork white and blue curtains in the window and I made a blue bedspread and blue covers for the dresser and the chifferobe and the vanity. I bought a little lamp and made a blue shade for it and a big mahogany lamp with a big dark red shade on it and a big blue armchair. Sadye said the room looked awfully pretty and Danny said ma it's simply great and I was so glad and happy because everything was turning out so fine and I kept thinking how Sadye was going to have Danny's baby and I thought how nice it would be we could put the baby in the back garden where there was such a lot of sun and it would be oh so lovely to have a little baby in my arms again and I thought of all the pretty things I could make for the baby and just for fun I found a tiny bit of batiste in my scrap bag and some lace and I sewed up a slip with tiny buttons on the shoulders and I made the buttonholes so carefully and I thought what an awful silly I am because the baby wasn't coming for maybe another six months

yet. So I put the slip away in the machine drawer.

Danny and Sadye moved in their things and I made a dinner for Danny and Sadye and her brother and her brother's wife who was going to have a baby too and Artie and Jenny were there but not Beatty. I worried about Beatty. Her eyes had such black rings under them and sometimes her face was so yellow.

The next morning I got a lovely breakfast for Danny and Sadye all ready. Danny's cab was in a garage around the corner and Mr. Noonan had told Danny he better take it out about eight o'clock so as to catch the bosses going to work. I knocked at Danny's door about a quarter to eight and I called out good morning Danny breakfast is ready. And Danny said all right ma. But after a while it was a quarter past eight and I knocked again and he said all right ma I'm getting right up. And then it was half past eight and it seemed like the clock never went around so fast as it did that morning. So then I remember how I used to feel in the mornings about getting up when I was in the beginning of going to have a baby and I put Sadye's breakfast on a tray to bring in to her and I thought I might as well put Danny's breakfast on the tray while I'm at it. I fixed the tray up real pretty and I put a few morning glories in an egg cup just for fun because they looked so nice and fresh. I was just opening the door to Danny's room when Beatty came down the stairs for breakfast. She saw me standing there with the tray and without saying anything she ran

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

upstairs again and I heard her go out the front door to school and she hadn't had any breakfast.

I tapped Danny on the shoulder and Danny said what is it ma and I said here's Sadye's breakfast and yours and then you must get up and take your cab out. So Danny said all right put the breakfast down on the table and he was getting kind of mad so I went out.

Then it was nine o'clock and I didn't hear Danny getting up so I knocked at the door again and I said Danny it's nine o'clock. Then I jumped because Danny yelled so loudly for christ's sake will you shut up and let me sleep.

I sat down on a kitchen chair and I began getting frightened about Danny again. Afterwards I got up and I cleaned up the kitchen and I went upstairs because I had two dresses to make and about twelve o'clock I heard Danny and Sadye moving around downstairs and I went down to see. Danny was hollering through the door ma we want some hot coffee good and hot and some breakfast and I said oh Danny didn't you eat your breakfast. What breakfast Danny said. So I went in and there was the breakfast lying on the table just like I put it there the fried eggs and bacon all soggy and wrinkly and the coffee pot all cold and the milk in the pitcher sort of dusty on top and the morning glories all closed up in the egg cup.

I took the tray out and I made some fresh breakfast but Sadye went back to bed so I brought her her breakfast in on the tray again and I asked her did

she feel bad to her stomach. Oh no she said I got over that a couple of weeks ago and now I feel fine. After she ate her breakfast in bed she got up and got dressed.

Danny I said what about the cab.

Now ma don't you worry about the cab because I know a lot more than Mr. Noonan and I can make twice as much money taking the cab out nights. Jesus you don't expect me to work mornings and nights too do you. Everybody tips much bigger nights. All of a sudden I thought maybe Danny doesn't even know how to run an automobile but when I said it to him he began to laugh and laugh and he said oh ma you're a scream I've been running automobiles now for six years then he laughed some more and he winked at Sadye and she winked at him and she went in her room and came out with a gold pin with a diamond in it and she said Danny got this once for knowin so much about runnin automobiles. I didn't understand but I didn't want to ask. I never wanted to ask about what Danny did.

Then Danny said well I guess we'll go to a show this afternoon to kill time till I take the cab out tonight. Have you got a coupla dollars ma to lend me I'll give em back to you after I make some money tonight with the cab. So I gave him two dollars and they went out. I cleaned up their room and put it to rights because Sadye didn't know yet where things belonged and she left them lying around.

They came back supper time and Danny said it was a punk show and after supper Danny said he

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

guessed now he'd take the cab out and he'd drive Sayde downtown to her girl friend and then he asked me for a dollar for gasoline and I give him the dollar and Beatty was there and she made a funny noise like huh and Danny turned around quick on her and said yuh damn little snotnose you'd better cut that out dyuh hear. Danny I said you mustn't talk like that. Well tell her if she doesn't like it she can lump it but not around here. Who the hell does she think she is anyhow.

Beatty went up to her room without finishing her supper so after Danny and Sadye left I went up there with a sandwich and a glass of milk but when I knocked she didn't answer so I opened the door and it was dark in her room. I turned on the light and there was Beatty lying on her bed with her face in the pillow. Go away ma she said go away. Oh Beatty I said don't please don't. Everything will be all right. But Beatty kept saying go away go away go away. So I put the sandwich down and the milk and then I went into the parlor and I sat down to try to think things out to try to understand but I couldn't understand anything that was happening and it was like it was all happening so hard and so fast and I wanted to catch what was happening and hold it and stop it but I couldn't get hold because it didn't have a shape yet.

Danny and Sadye didn't come home till it was nearly four o'clock in the morning.

BEATTY had only six more months now to finish college. When it came to the end of the summer she took a job for the vacation and I told her she'd better save her money for her expenses at school the next year.

Artie got the job he wanted and he was making thirty dollars a week. He gave me fifteen and he saved ten and he used five for carfares and lunches. He hardly ever went out but after supper he went up to the attic and he worked up there. Once in a while he and Beatty went over to a place called the Stadium to hear music and they took me one night and I thought it was lovely sitting there under all the lights and there was a round moon but I guess I was tired and I felt kind of sleepy and there wasn't much to watch just the moon and the automobiles going past away out on the other side back of where they were playing the music and so after that I didn't go any more.

Then I thought now Jenny's keeping company I ought to fix up the parlor a little now that there was more money in the house. So I bought a rug and a new parlor set with two big stuffed chairs and a sofa that could open into a bed so then we didn't have to keep my folding bed in the parlor

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

any more. We bought a Victrola too a real cabinet one and some lamps and new curtains.

I told Beatty now we had such a nice parlor why shouldn't she bring her friends home too but Beatty said when you get the dining room fixed up I'll bring my friends home. I didn't say anything to her because I knew it wasn't any use. But I knew Beatty was going out with boys and men because I could hear her saying good night at the gate when they brought her home at night. Then I began to notice after awhile that it was always the same man's voice saying good night to her. I wanted to ask her about it but Beatty didn't hardly ever speak to me much any more. One time I was sure I heard her kiss the man down by the gate.

But I worried a little because I heard Beatty once arguing with Artie and it was about getting married and she said no she would never get married because marriage was slavery. And Artie said what about the children if your lover deserts you and Beatty got all indignant and she said if she couldn't trust a man without binding him to a contract in such an intimate and beautiful relationship she wouldn't ever take him for a mate and afterwards if he turned out bad like that she would be glad to get rid of him.

It was a little while afterwards when Beatty came home in the middle of the afternoon and I said what happened Beatty did you get a headache at the office and she said no but I nearly got married and she ran up to her room and when I went up

after her she was lying on the bed and crying as if her heart would break and when I sat down beside her she threw her head in my lap and she kept crying till I just couldn't bear it because she was crying just like a child that had been hurt. And when she couldn't cry any more she got up and went to her pocketbook and she gave me a piece of paper. It was a marriage license all filled out for Beatrice Williams and for David Green.

And why didn't you get married Beatty I said kind of quiet like.

So then Beatty told me the whole story.

He didn't believe in marriage just like me but he said we'd have to get married on account of his mother. I told him we mustn't let mothers stand in the way of our principles but he said he had to think of his mother because when he was twenty-one—and that would be in a couple of months—he was to get some money his father left for him but his mother could stop him getting it. I didn't want to anyway but he said oh Beatty don't you love me if you love me you'll do as I want you to and I did love him mother oh I did. I thought I loved him more than the whole world. We went down this afternoon to get a license and on the way down we rented a furnished room and David bought me a wedding ring. We filled out the application and we got the license all right and then we had to wait to go into the place where they do the marrying and I noticed David was getting restless. I asked him what was the matter and he said I tell

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

you what Beatty we don't really have to get married because I have some friends who got married a few weeks ago and I think they would let me have their wedding certificate and I could change the names with ink eradicator and I can show the certificate to my mother and then we needn't get married.

Then Beatty began to cry again and after she stopped she went on.

Oh mother Beatty said I was willing to give up my principles to help him but when he asked me to do that it was terrible. I felt so dirty and mean and petty. I would have been glad to suffer anything in the world for him if he had wanted me without going through the ceremony of marriage but he was too much of a coward to enter into a really free union and face his friends and his mother. And what he wanted me to do seemed so vile and so cheap and so common oh mother I just couldn't and the worst thing was that I thought I loved him so much and that a love like that could never change and never die and right while I was sitting there mother it all died and instead of the beautiful happiness there was nothing mother nothing at all nothing at all.

Just think Beatty I said how terrible it would have been if you had found out he was such a coward after you were married to him. Yes said Beatty just think and that's why I'm never going to get married never in all the wide world. I tried to talk to her to tell her a little about Frank and me but she just kissed me and said mother you and

· *MOTHERS · CRY ·*

I we are two altogether different persons and you'll never understand in a million years but I do love you mother I do. Then I think we were both a little ashamed because we were feeling like that I mean that we loved each other so much so I left her alone and went downstairs.

THE summer was nearly finished but Danny didn't seem to be doing so well with the taxi. He and Sadye didn't get up till one or two o'clock and it was pretty much the same every day they'd go out in the afternoon and come home for supper and then they'd go downtown in the taxi and I know they went to dance places lots. Once I said to Sadye do you think it's good for the baby now you're getting kind of big for you to be dancing so much. And she began to sort of whine and she said she was only young once and pretty soon the baby would be here and then she'd never be able to go out at all. Sometimes Danny brought Sadye home early about eleven o'clock and then went downtown alone again in the cab and he said it was on business.

One Saturday afternoon Beatty came home from work about one o'clock and I was just going to give her her dinner when Danny and Sadye came out of their room into the kitchen for their breakfast. Danny was looking awful his face kind of puffed and pasty and his mouth twisted from the time he got beaten and his hair wasn't combed and he hadn't washed yet and he wasn't shaved. He wasn't dressed yet either and his bathrobe was open and his pyjamas were open and his undershirt was unbut-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

toned too and you could see the red hair on his chest. Sadye wasn't dressed or washed yet either and she had on a pink silk kimona with some white fluffy stuff around it but the white was sort of dirty and her nightgown showed from the bottom and it was very pink and the hem was all dirty too where it dragged on the floor because Sadye was little. When she walked her slippers flapped because she didn't really put her feet all the way in and pull up the heel she just stuck her foot in. She was looking like Danny sort of tired and puffy and her hair was hanging in strings around her face. It was getting dark again and so it was all colors and some of the crimp was left in it from yesterday. Her eyes looked funnier than ever so wide apart and kind of crooked.

Sadye and Danny sat down to the table and I thought Beatty would get up like she always did when they came in and walk out but no she just sat there too very quiet and looking at her plate. I gave her her soup and then I put the percolator up for coffee and while I was waiting for the water to boil Beatty finished her soup so I gave her her meat and potatoes.

Why the hell isn't the coffee made when we get up Danny said and got up from his chair and walked around the room. Beatty kind of moved in her chair but she didn't say anything but went right on eating sort of slow.

I made some toast and the coffee was ready and I put the toast and the coffee on the table.

For chrissake is that all we get to eat Danny said.

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

Why Danny I said yesterday I made you pancakes and sausages and you didn't touch them you said don't ever give me all this junk for breakfast any more just give me a cup of coffee and some toast so that's why I only made toast today.

Oh for the love of mike that was yesterday. You don't expect me to go out and work on this do you. Gee I told Sadye when I brought her here you'd treat her like a queen and now look at this and he got up and walked around again.

I didn't want to start any trouble between Danny and Beatty so I didn't say anything because I could see Danny was in a bad temper but I just went ahead and put some eggs in the frying pan. Sadye said she didn't want any she was feeling kind of rotten. Just then the ice man knocked at the kitchen door and Danny was sitting in front of the ice box so I was afraid to let the ice man come in right away and put away the ice because Danny would have to move away so I told the ice man to leave the ice outside.

When I came back the eggs were sort of well done so I put them out and gave them to Danny. Danny liked his eggs kind of swimming always and I must say these were pretty well cooked.

Danny looked at the eggs and said am I supposed to eat this shoe leather. For chrissake can't a feller even get a decent pair of eggs in this hole. Then he picked up the plate and went over to the sink and he threw the eggs in the sink and he gave me the plate back. Now he said fry me some eggs.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

I looked at Beatty I was so afraid there was going to be trouble but she was looking down at her plate and she didn't say anything. So I fried two eggs again and Danny ate them and drank his coffee. Danny didn't eat like the other children but sort of hunched over his food with his hands on the table and Sadye did too and when Danny drank his coffee he made big gulpy noises especially if it was hot and now he made the noises worse than ever because he knew Beatty hated them.

When he finished he sort of sat back and pulled out his cigarettes from the pocket of his bathrobe and he lit one. Danny always let his cigarette sort of stick to his bottom lip so you could always see the wet part and if he was talking he'd leave the cigarette sticking there. I gave Danny an ash tray but he didn't pay any attention and kept putting the ashes on his plate. I always asked the boys not to put their cigarette ashes on the plate because it was so nasty to wash the plates and it made the dish water all smelly and egg plates were so hard to wash anyway. But I didn't want to say anything to Danny about the ashes because I didn't want Beatty to notice but I guess maybe she was noticing everything because she was sort of watching every move Danny was making out of the corner of her eye. I couldn't understand why she kept sitting there because always she walked out when Danny did things that made her mad.

Danny was finished eating now so I went out to get the ice because it was in the sun and it was

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

melting. Beatty watched Danny watch me try to pick it up and then without saying anything at all she got up and took a towel and came out. Leave it be mother she said. Oh no Beatty I said it's too heavy for you. If it's too heavy for me it's certainly too heavy for you Beatty said. But I'm used to it Beatty I said. But Beatty picked up the ice anyway and it was a big piece because it was Saturday and the ice man didn't come now till Monday and I guess it was because she was so mad she could carry it. Danny was sitting in front of the ice box but he didn't move when he saw Beatty coming over with the big piece of ice. I thought oh now there's going to be a terrible fight but no Beatty said very quietly would you mind moving your chair out of the way so I can put the ice in the box. Danny was so surprised he moved his chair in and Beatty dropped the ice into the box. Then she wiped her hands on the towel and sat down to her chocolate pudding.

Danny said he guessed he and Sadye were going to stay in the house all afternoon they had something important to do. Sadye laughed and said yes something very important. So Danny said would I clean up their room right away while they were upstairs in the bathroom washing. They went in to get their clothes and after they came out I got the carpet sweeper and the broom and the oil mop and a dust rag and I went in. While I was working around Beatty came in too and after she looked all around at the room she sat down in the arm chair and watched me. I pulled up the dark shades and the

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

room did look sort of messy because Danny and Sadye never picked up things. There was a dirty chemise and stockings in a corner and a dirty shirt and socks in another corner. I rolled them up and carried them in the kitchen to wash afterwards. Then I hung up Sadye's clothes she wasn't wearing and sort of put the room to rights. Sadye kind of liked sitting in the big arm chair or lying on top of the bed and reading magazines like Snappy Stories and Romantic Stories and books like that and eating candy and so the floor was full of the little brown cups with the crinkled edges that the candies were in and her magazines were lying all around. After I picked them up and the little brown papers I made the bed. Danny and Sadye used to lie down on the top without taking off their shoes and so the pretty blue bedspread was sort of dirty and wrinkled and full of cigarette holes and the cover on the table was full of cigarette holes too and sometimes they put their cigarettes down on the dresser and they burned the wood. They must have pulled too hard on one of the curtains when they were pulling the shades down because it was all crooked. I got up on a chair and I straightened it out. Pretty soon the room was all tidy and clean and I could hear Danny and Sadye coming down and Beatty and I went out. I couldn't understand Beatty at all. All the time I was cleaning she just sat there and she didn't help me or say anything. And when we came out in the kitchen again she sat down at the table again not saying a word. In a

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

few minutes Danny called out hey mom give us a teaspoon will you and a pitcher of water so I brought him the teaspoon and the pitcher of water and a glass and I put them on the table and I hung up Danny's bathrobe and Sadye's kimona and her nightgown and I put their slippers away as long as I was there. Then I went out and I closed the door and Beatty was still sitting there only now there was a funny little smile on the corner of her mouth but the smile wasn't a good smile.

So I said I guessed I'd better go out and do the marketing for tomorrow—today was Saturday and there would be such crowds and Mr. Cooper was coming for dinner tomorrow and Artie would be home and I thought it would be nice to have a big roast for everybody and make a Yorkshire pudding like mama showed me how. So I went out.

It wasn't till nearly four o'clock when I came home and I saw Beatty had washed the dishes and tidied the kitchen only she forgot to spread out the wet dish towels. So I spread them and I thought how Beatty always forgets such things and then I unwrapped everything and put the food away in the ice box and then it was time to put some things up for supper and I went out in the garden to get some flowers for the table and Artie came home.

Where's Beatty Artie said. I've got two tickets for a show tonight the boss gave me—he couldn't go. So I said I guessed maybe she was out or maybe she was upstairs reading. I'll just run up and see Artie said and I'll ask her if she can come.

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

Artie was up there a long time and I thought he must be talking to Beatty and pretty soon Jenny came home. She had been out with Mr. Cooper and she was all happy and talking to me about him. Supper was ready so I thought I'd go up to fetch Beatty and Artie but when I got upstairs there was nobody there. So I went upstairs again and called up the attic but they weren't there either.

So I gave Jenny her supper alone because she was going out again with Mr. Cooper to Coney Island she said she never was there and she was afraid a little bit because some of the girls told her how terrible some of the things were that you went on.

Then at last I heard Artie coming in and I called to him to come down. He was looking terribly upset so I asked him what's the matter Artie and he said what happened between Danny and Beatty. So I said nothing happened. And Artie said did they have a fight so I said no but I told him how Danny got up with a grouch and that was all.

Well mother Beatty's left us Artie said.

Left us I said what do you mean you don't mean she's dead. All of a sudden I felt empty and scared.

No Artie said she's just gone away from home.

Oh Artie I said she's not nineteen yet and she's got such crazy ideas oh Artie you must bring her home right away.

Yes that's what I've been trying to do Artie said. As soon as I read her note I ran out and I telephoned every place where she might be or might go and I left word for her to get in touch with me

• MOTHERS • CRY •

at the office so perhaps I'll hear from her Monday. Here's the note that Beatty left you can read it. So I read the note.

If I remain one minute longer in the same house with Danny I will have to kill myself and that would hurt mother worse than my just going away. Arthur please don't look for me I can take care of myself. I have more than a hundred dollars saved and I'm going to find another position and when I have enough saved up I'm going to Europe. If life isn't going to be full of romance and color and beauty and love for me it's no use living it. Arthur I want life and more life and more life and I'm going to get it.

And I cried out oh Beatty the wages of wanting life are death.

Artie sat me down and said don't mother because Beatty really has plenty of good sense and I know for one thing she would never do anything that was dishonorable and maybe it will do her good to get a little knocking about. It won't hurt her mother it won't.

I felt as if my hand had been chopped off or that I couldn't see with one of my eyes. And when I thought Beatty wouldn't be asleep in her own bed that night it was like a knife cutting me. Danny had slept away plenty of times but I knew he would always come back and this was different because Beatty was leaving with the purpose of staying away and I didn't know when I would ever see her again. Beatty had left me.

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

Artie I said we must get her back we must. How is she going to finish college. She only has six more months. She can't ruin herself that way. Artie you'll find her won't you and you'll bring her home. Why Artie she's only a baby. She's the baby of the family. My last baby. We can't let her run away like that.

Artie quieted me the best he could and he said he'd have her home again in a day or two. But it was three years.

DANNY and Sadye said they didn't want any supper and afterwards instead of going out like they always did they said they were going to stay home and it seemed funny to me on account of it being Saturday night and all that they should want to stay home. I didn't say anything to them about Beatty but I just went to bed early because I felt so tired again not from working I don't mean. I think I just felt tired from living.

I didn't fall asleep till very late I kept thinking where was Beatty sleeping tonight and did she have a good supper and what if she didn't come back but at last I was asleep and then all of a sudden I was sitting up in bed and I was sure I had heard something I thought maybe it was a scream or maybe just a bad dream and then I heard it again and it was Sadye. I ran downstairs quickly as I could and Sadye was lying on top of the bed all dressed and groaning and moaning and saying quick quick take me to the hospital.

What's the matter Danny I said what did you do to her.

What the hell do I know Danny said she says she's got the bellyache and the kid is coming.

Oh Danny I said it can't be it's only just a little past six months.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Well don't stand there like a dummy askin me questions get yourself dressed and we'll go to the hospital.

So I ran up and got dressed while Danny went to get his cab and all the time Sadye was carrying on and screaming and moaning and Artie and Jenny woke up but I sent them back to bed. She kept throwing herself around on the bed and she tore the pillow case and was biting on the end of the bed so that I was frightened she might be dying. There were two bottles on the table and they were called Best Dry Gin and one was all empty but the other had a little left in it and there was another bottle but it was empty and it didn't have a label on it and next to it was the teaspoon and the pitcher with some of the water still in it.

I put some of Sadye's nightgowns in a little valise and her slippers and her kimona and her toothbrush and then Danny came back with the cab and we rode down to the hospital and they put Sadye right away in the labor ward and Danny and I we waited outside and pretty soon the doctor came out and he looked terribly angry and he walked over to Danny like he was going to kill him.

What have you been doing to your wife he said.

Me? said Danny why I ain't been doin a thing. She just got sick like that all of a sudden tonight.

You needn't lie to me the doctor said because she told me you made her do it and that you said you'd leave her if she didn't.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

Then the doctor turned to me and said are you her mother and I said no I'm his. The doctor didn't speak to me so roughly as he spoke to Danny. Do you know anything about this he asked me. No I said I don't.

Well he said it's plain enough she's been drinking too much but that would never be enough to cause a miscarriage. Then he turned to Danny and he said do you know you've poisoned your wife and she's going to die and I have every intention of holding you responsible.

So then Danny got frightened and he said but I got it from a friend who works in a drug store and he said it wouldn't hurt her he swore it wouldn't hurt her.

What was it the doctor said.

I don't know it was brown and it was in a bottle and he said not to be afraid it couldn't hurt her.

You ought to be sent to jail for this. It's pure murder. Why that baby's as much a human being now as it would be three months from now. You've killed it—just plain murdered it in your filthiness.

Then the nurse came and called to the doctor to hurry up and he went inside. We could hear Sadye screaming and screaming and then we heard one terrible scream and then it was quiet.

Danny said I'm going out for a smoke but I waited there. I looked at the clock in the hall and it was half past four and I wondered how I could be so wide awake in the middle of the night like that.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

Then the doctor came out and he said would you believe it that baby's alive. A girl baby and it's alive. My heart jumped for joy but when he saw my face get so glad he said it won't live but for an hour or so. We're giving it a few drops of brandy now and then just to try something but the poor thing hasn't a chance. I tell you it's murder plain murder. Then he said to me do you know what that little bitch in there said when I told her it was alive. She said oh damn. You'd think after this hell she's been through—and believe me she's a very sick girl—that she might be a little frightened or glad to have something to show. Then he quieted down a little and he said sort of sad like it's things like this that make me wish I'd never been a doctor. I suppose really we ought to be glad they killed the poor thing. The mother is certainly feeble minded and the boy's a rogue that's plai nto be seen. Tell me how did a woman like you ever come to have such a son. I didn't say anything and he looked at me kind of sharply and said something about an atavism and then he said I'd better go home I looked all in and he looked kind of tired too. I guess I was shivering just from nervousness so before I went home the doctor made me drink something and I asked him again didn't he think the baby would live. I told him I'd take care of it if only it would live and I wouldn't have it on my mind that Danny killed it. But he said no he didn't think so. I asked him how Sadye was too and he said she was going to be sick

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

for a long time. She's had a closer shave than's good for her he said. These forced miscarriages are risky things. So then we said good night and it was five o'clock in the morning and I went out to the street to look for Danny but he wasn't any place. So I started to walk to the subway.

The street was so quiet and dark it made me afraid. I could hear a man's steps on the sidewalk behind me and they sounded so loud. I wanted to turn around and look at him but I was frightened to so I kept on walking and the steps got louder and louder and I got more afraid until at last he caught up to me and he passed me and then I wasn't so frightened.

I went into the subway and I bought a ticket and the man who was selling the tickets was asleep and I hated to bother him and the man at the ticket chopper he was asleep too but not all asleep and when I dropped my ticket in he sort of moved the handle up and down like he couldn't help himself.

I was the only one on the platform and it seemed so terribly quiet. My shoes made such a loud noise on the stone platform as I walked that I wanted to walk on tiptoe. I waited and waited but no train came so I walked down the platform to a bench to sit down but I couldn't even see the ticket chopper from the bench so I walked back again near him. A train came but it was the other side and when it went out again the station seemed twice as quiet and twice as lonely and all of a sudden I remembered

• MOTHERS • CRY •

when I was a little girl five years old mama and papa took me to the park and they wanted to take me out in a rowboat but I was afraid so they told me to sit quietly on a bench till they came back for me while they went by themselves. So they left me alone and for a while I kept watching them in the boat but then they turned around a tree and I couldn't see them any more. I got very frightened and I looked and looked for their boat and then I got up from the bench and I began running around the lake looking for their boat and so scared I felt my heart was swelling to bursting with being so frightened. And then I began to cry because I was sure I was lost and I'd never see them again and everybody was saying what's the matter little girl are you lost but I couldn't answer I just kept crying and I wished I was dead and I was sure I would never see papa and mama any more and just when I was crying most there was mama and papa running to me very fast and I ran to them and mama picked me up and she made me quiet and I wouldn't let go of her and she wouldn't let go of me and afterwards papa bought me a big round wheel to push and it had a bell on it and I was happy. And now I was standing all alone in a subway station at five o'clock in the morning and Beatty had run away from home and Danny had killed his baby and I was frightened and frightened because I thought what will happen next what will life do to me now and I felt lost and alone and I wished I was a little girl again and that papa and mama could be

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

running down the platform with their arms wide open and that I could be lifted up in mama's arms and feel safe and happy again.

The subway train came at last and when I got inside there were only two people in the car and one was a man lying down and he was drunk and every time the train stopped he would nearly roll off and once he did roll on to the floor and the other man picked him up and sat him up but he fell over again lying down.

When I got out at Prospect Avenue there was a cigar store open so I telephoned to the hospital to find out about Danny's baby and they said yes it was still alive. So for a little bit I felt better and I walked home and it was six o'clock now so I thought I might as well not bother to go to bed because it was getting light already. When it came seven o'clock I went out again to the drug store to telephone to the hospital but this time the girl said baby Williams had died half an hour ago. So I hung up the receiver and I went home and it was Sunday morning and I knew Artie and Jenny wouldn't get up till late so I went out again and I walked around until it was ten o'clock and the streets were so sunny and quiet.

THE next morning three o'clock I heard Danny come in. He was very happy about something. Did you see Sadye I said. Sure he said you shoulda seen the bunch of flowers I brung her too. They was the biggest in the ward. She's fine. She's got some trouble with her tits but it ain't much I guess. And now look at this sweet bunch of roses I got for you. And then Danny laid down a big bunch of money on the table. That's a hundred bucks count em and see. Now who says I ain't a good son. You gotta know how to handle me right. If you nag me I'll never give yuh nothin but just you ask me nice and pretty please and you'll see. You don't know me mom that's what's the matter with you. Now you go ahead and buy yourself somethin you've been wantin a long time and I'll see what I kin do for you another time.

I picked up the money but I didn't dare ask where Danny got it. I thought first I'd buy myself a washing machine but then I thought no I'd better keep it because you never knew what might be happening and then if nothing happened in a month I'd buy the washing machine.

After that Danny kept coming home with all kinds of new things new suits for himself and shirts and pyjamas and socks and a new silk bathrobe and

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

a big black ring with a diamond in it and lots of things for Sadye too silk underwear and dresses and beaded bags and bracelets and a fur coat. Wait till Sadye comes home he said and sees these.

On the Monday after Beatty left I went to the telephone company and I asked them to put in a telephone because I thought if ever Beatty might want me in a hurry she could see in the telephone book what the number was and she could get me fast. And after they put the telephone in every time it rang I kept thinking that might be Beatty and I would run quickly to the telephone but maybe it was only a wrong number or Artie to say he wasn't coming home for supper or to ask me how I was feeling.

But one time when I went to the telephone a man said hello is that Danny Franklin. And I said you must have the wrong number the only Danny that lives here is Danny Williams. When Danny came home that night I thought I would tell him about it because it seemed funny that the man should have got the Danny part right but the rest was wrong. Well Danny jumped up when I told him and began calling me all kinds of terrible names and cursing me awfully and I walked upstairs all upset and just at that minute the front door bell rang and a man walked in and said we're here to arrest Danny Franklin alias Danny Williams and before I could say anything there was Danny standing on the stairs come up to see what was the matter and when he

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

heard the man he began running down but the man said for him not to bother because there were five policemen outside and he'd only run right into their arms and their guns so Danny just went along with him quietly and there was an automobile outside waiting to take him away.

There was a trial and it seemed they didn't have all the evidence they needed so Danny made a deal with the district attorney and he was given a year and a half in prison. It was something about his driving his taxi in a silk robbery. After Danny went to jail a company came and took the taxi because they said Danny had borrowed money on it.

So when Sadye came home from the hospital Danny wasn't there but she didn't seem so much upset because she was so excited with all her new clothes. She looked peaked but was just the same as always and everyday she slept till twelve or one and then I'd give her breakfast and make her room and she'd sit there all afternoon reading her magazines and her papers and eating chocolates and leaving the little brown crinkly cups on the floor. Then after supper she went out to dance places. She never asked me for any money because she said she made money dancing with men.

One night Sadye didn't come home at all but the next morning a young boy came around with a letter from her and the letter said she was called out of town and would I please pack up her clothes and give them to the boy. It was her handwriting so I

· *MOTHERS · CRY ·*

did what she said and I packed her clothes and gave them to the boy and I never saw Sadye again.

It was lucky I kept the hundred dollars because now I had to use it to send a little money to Danny every week.

WHEN it came Christmas time that year I got a postcard from Beatty and I had to sit down to read it because I was shaking so much. It came all the way from Paris in France and I thought oh she's been all the way over the ocean in a boat and I didn't know about it and I shivered with fright when I thought how maybe the boat might have sunk and the water so cold and Beatty might have been lying in the bottom of the sea with the fishes swimming all around her. But then I laughed at myself because she was over there already so nothing had happened to her. The card only said how she wished us all a merry christmas and a happy new year and she was working and getting along fine and feeling great and not to worry about her and there was no address on the card at all. And I thought if only there was an address I could have written to her that Danny was in jail and she could come home again. After that about a year after I guess it was we got another card and she asked for us to please put an advertisement in the Times personal column to say we were all all right because she got the Times over there all the time. So Artie did and he said too that Danny wasn't home any more and after that we used to get postcards from her often sometimes once a month.

FOR a few years the time passed quietly. Danny came out of jail but he went away to Chicago and I never had letters from him or anything except twice he sent me telegrams that he needed money once for twenty-five dollars and once for fifty dollars and I telegraphed the money like he asked me to but when I wrote him letters to the hotels where he told me to send the money the letters came back.

Jenny got engaged to Eddie Cooper and after a year they got married. Jenny went to live with his mother first but old Mrs. Cooper died while Jenny was pregnant so they sold the house and they took a beautiful three room apartment on the Grand Concourse and I never saw such an apartment in my life. It was a hundred dollars a month and the bathroom was wonderful a built in tub and a shower bath in a separate alcove and everything was built in the tile walls the place where you put the soap and a place for tooth brushes and even the roller for the toilet paper was built in. The kitchen was all white too the walls were all tiled half the way up and there was a beautiful big white ice box and a white gas range and the gas range had an automatic lighter so you didn't need matches. The tubs and the sink were all white porcelain and in the sink the hot and cold water faucets had a pipe

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

between so you could get the water just right. The tubs had shiny white metal tops and Jenny bought a white kitchen table with the same kind of a shiny white top and two white kitchen chairs and she put up blue checked curtains in the windows and blue checked curtains in the kitchen closets and she embroidered shelving with pitchers and knives and forks and she put blue linoleum on the floor. Even her cereal sets and jars were white with blue checks and her pots and pans were all shiny aluminum. Her kitchen was a dream.

Then she had a beautiful plush parlor set three big pieces and a library table and lovely lamps and pictures and a big thick rug and end tables and a Victrola-Radio that looked like a wonderful old piece of furniture.

Jennie and Eddie nearly always ate in the kitchen together but when they had company they had a gate leg table and four windsor chairs that they could put up. They kept them in the entry way the place they called the foyer. Jenny said it saved having an extra room for a dining room.

The bedroom was all in walnut and Jenny made all old rose velvet trimming and beautiful lamp shades out of old rose georgette and the lamps were made of china they were French ladies I think and the lace on their dresses looked just like china but it wasn't it was netting dipped in something to make it stiff and look like that.

Eddie spent lots and lots of money. He said nothing was too good for Jenny and he was so

• MOTHERS • CRY •

pleased she was going to have a baby. He even had a man come to put up the right kind of curtains in the windows and he made Jenny take a colored girl to help her in the mornings though Jenny said there was hardly anything for her to do because it was so easy to keep the apartment clean and Jenny sent out all her laundry not like I did sometimes just wet wash but everything all finished and ironed.

I had a lovely time helping Jenny and after the baby came I was so happy. They called her Lily after Mr. Cooper's mother but they called the second girl Mary after me. Jenny used to let me mind the baby for her and it was so sweet to do for a baby again and it was such a pretty baby all blonde and blue eyes and she could say grandma real plain when she was thirteen months old and Jenny was so happy and contented and so was Eddie and oh I was so happy too.

So now I was living all alone with Artie and Artie was getting along fine too. He liked his work and they liked him down at the office too only they kept saying to him before he could try some of his ideas he must get lots more practical experience and once Artie showed me a picture of how he would fix up down town so there would be three or four sidewalks on top of each other and three or four streets where the automobiles could go. He said the boss liked his plans and he thought after about ten years he might be able to really do something and Artie said they were a bunch of old fogies even

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

if they were supposed to be the most advanced and progressive firm of architects in America.

One time Artie came home with a box under his arm and he said mother I'm taking out my best girl to dinner tonight and then he ran up to his room and after about an hour he came down again and I must say I hardly knew him. He had on a tuxedo suit and he looked so shiny and so wonderful and so handsome I couldn't help it I ran to him and he hugged me and he said some swell eh mother? And I laughed because he was.

Then he told me the girl's name was Alice Forster and she was the niece of Mr. Forster who was the senior member of his firm and she's a real girl mother he said as beautiful as the moon and as clever as she is beautiful. The only trouble with her is that she's too rich and since I can't cure her of that I'll have to get the disease myself I guess. And is she good too I asked Artie. He laughed and he chucked me under the chin and he said yes she's good too.

So Artie said he was going to take her out to dinner first and then to the theatre and then afterwards he guessed he'd have to take her to a supper. Oh Artie I said won't it cost a lot and he laughed and said pretty near a week's salary.

He was so excited and happy.

But he said I'll have to get busy and think of some way to be earning more than forty-five dollars a week. Oh Artie I said that's a wonderful salary for a boy. So Artie said a boy! and then he said

• MOTHERS • CRY •

don't forget mother I'm twenty-four already and I certainly won't get very far towards marrying Alice on forty-five a week. And he looked a little worried when he said it.

In the meantime I wasn't working so hard at the sewing any more because the doctor said I mustn't because for a long time now I was getting such pains in my back. I rented out the downstairs room—the one that Danny and Sadye used to have—for twelve dollars a week and with the extra money I got from Artie and from the rent upstairs because now I didn't have any more mortgage to pay on I got along fine and I sewed only just a few dresses a week so as to accommodate some of my old customers who always were so good to me.

I felt kind of lonely sometimes with Artie busy at his work and so Eddie bought me a radio and after that I wasn't so lonely because having the radio was just like having lots of people in the house and Artie laughed at me because one night I woke him up in the middle because I was sure I got London. He said he was glad I had something to interest me.

But just the same I kept thinking about Beatty and Danny often and often and I used to think how wonderful it would be if only Beatty would be walking in at the door and I worried so maybe she was sick and needed me. Artie wanted me to sell the house and live in an apartment because he said it would be less work but I said no—Danny and Beatty will be coming home soon and I'd like them to have the house to come home to.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

After Artie went out that time with Alice Forster he got more and more worried looking and sort of peaked. So I asked him about it and he told me he wanted to marry her and he asked her and she said she wouldn't marry him until he was making at least a hundred dollars a week.

You know mother she says she loves me and all that but she says it's the instinct of any woman who functions as a woman to want a man who'll be able to protect her young. Now what do you think of that mother. Oh yes she says I'm sure you're going to be a grand success but I think you'd better be started some on the road before we risk the babies.

And it wasn't but a little while after that when Artie came home all excited. Oh mother he said this is just the chance for me. There's to be a big competition here in New York for plans for a gigantic hotel down on Washington Square. The plans have to come from the firm but Mr. Forster has invited all of us young ones down at the office to try and he says they've been wanting another junior member for the firm and he thinks this would be a good way for them to decide on the man to take in. You know they've only been giving me hack stuff down there and now if I can only show them that what they call my wild ideas aren't wild at all but are practical as well as beautiful why it will mean everything—everything—Alice and a partnership and a name.

Then Artie began to talk a lot about what he called American architecture but I told him I didn't

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

understand it all so he took me down on Sunday away downtown farther than I ever was before in my life down near the Battery and then afterwards he took me up into a very high building I guess maybe it was forty stories high and then he showed me some of the buildings that we could see from the roof. Why mother he said they're only beginnings. They're getting the idea but they're still a little frightened about it. Just let them wait and see what I've got in my head.

All the buildings I saw were like the pictures Artie was always drawing with sort of pieces cut out in funny blocks. And when I was up there so high on the roof and I looked down and all the people on the sidewalk were so small I got frightened when I thought how each one of the little black spots down there had been made and born and worked on and tended and then how from up here they only looked like little crawling black spots and it made me feel there wasn't much use to everything I had done and I tried to explain a little to Artie how I felt so then he said to me look over there. And it was a new building just being finished and it was finer than all the others so big and white and shining and it seemed to have something about it that gave me a kind of gladness to look at it and away up on top there were some more little black spots working to finish it and Arthur said to me you know mother man is never as great as his creations. Men are ugly in their minds and their hearts and their bodies and yet they dream beauty and

• MOTHERS • CRY •

sometimes they make the dream real and then they themselves don't know what they have done and they call it infinity and the wonder is that out of so much ugliness beauty finds place to grow and that man is never so grand as are his creations. It's the only excuse I have for living mother to build and to amass beauty and grandeur and strength greater and more magnificent than I myself can ever be.

We didn't say anything going home except little things but after that for about six weeks I hardly ever saw Artie because he was working now all the time down at the office making his plan. Sometimes he stayed down until maybe two o'clock in the morning.

Sometimes when I was all alone in the house like that I would wake up and think about the children and think about Danny and Beatty and wonder where I had made a mistake with them. And wonder maybe they were hungry or cold or unhappy or sick. Once I read how they beat people in jail and I wondered maybe Danny was in jail again and they were hurting him. And then I couldn't sleep after I'd been thinking like that about the children and so I would get up when I heard Artie come in and make him a sandwich and some coffee and I'd have some with him and Artie would be looking so tired sometimes and so unhappy but other times he would be all on fire again and then he made me feel like I was on fire a little too. And so I got just as excited as he did about the competition.

At last his plans were finished but Artie didn't

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

show them to me he said he'd show me the building when it was finished so I laughed at him. All day I waited for Artie to come home that day when he showed his plans to the bosses but when he came home he was all tired and disappointed because he said they didn't look at them yet. And the next day it was the same and when it was the same the next day too he came home all cranky and worried and he didn't know what to do with himself.

I guess he was awfully run down anyway he caught a terrible cold and his nose was all stuffed up and he was coughing and he had a terrible fever. I didn't want him to go to work but he said yes he had to because today was the last day for submitting plans to the competition. So he went anyway and oh he was so sick and about eleven o'clock in the morning just when I was going out to do the shopping I saw Artie running on the street to me and he grabbed ahold of me and said oh mother they're submitting my plans! and I'm going to get the partnership and I'm going to marry Alice and I'm the happiest man in all the world. How's your cold Artie I said how's your cold and then he just looked at me and fainted.

A man helped me carry him in and I sent for a doctor and Artie had the grippe very very badly. So I put him to bed and I gave him hot raspberry tea to make him sweat and I made him take a physic and I covered him up with piles of blankets and after he was all sweated out I washed him down

with alcohol and he went to sleep and when he woke up he didn't have hardly any fever at all.

Artie was sick for pretty nearly a week and then he went down to the office again. And now he had to wait for another month to find out if the competition was going to take his plans or maybe the plans of another firm. And in the end after all the waiting they took his plans.

They started building nearly right away and after about six months the hotel was all really finished and there was to be a big party for the opening of the hotel and Artie was to be there and he said I must come too and I must have a beautiful evening dress and he gave me a hundred dollars to buy the things with. But I never bought a dress in my life and I didn't know what to get so Artie said all right he'd bring Alice Forster up on Saturday afternoon and she'd help me and go with me to buy everything I had to.

She was an awfully tall girl nearly as tall as Artie and Artie was very tall. And when she took her hat off her hair was fixed like a man's all smooth and back off her face and her ears only she wore earrings way down nearly to her shoulders. She had lots of lipstick on and she smoked cigarettes but Artie said that was the way all girls were now.

Then Artie went out and left us alone and she said to me don't you think Arthur's just the grandest thing living. I'm simply crazy about him but don't you tell him so. I expect you and I are going to have some awful squabbles about the babies and

• MOTHERS • CRY •

when I won't let you pick Arthur Junior up you'll probably turn on me and say now see here young woman I've brought up four. And tell me do you believe in diapering on the square or on the triangle. I'm afraid I'll never be able to marry Artie if you're a triangular because troubles with mothers-in-law always end in divorce. And she kept right on talking like that all the time sort of hard and glittery on top but all the time really warm underneath and soft and I liked her so much. So I told her no I'd never try to interfere with her babies because they were such fun and I wouldn't want to steal her pleasure and if she'd teach me how to diaper on the square I'd be a willing pupil if only she'd let me do it once in a while. And then she told me how Artie had told her all about me and so she was prejudiced before she met me.

Afterwards we went out together downtown to the big stores where I never was before because Landry's was the biggest shop I ever was in and we bought a light green silk dress and it didn't have any sleeves and no back or front so I said I couldn't wear it like that and Alice said yes I could because I had lovely arms and a lovely back. Why you're beautiful she said. But I made her get them to put a piece of lace in the front and the back and I didn't like the big diamond buckle on but Alice made me keep it on. That she said is the penalty for being the mother of a genius. And then she bought me some gold slippers and gold stockings and a silk sort of something to wear under my dress and some narrow

velvet light green ribbon to put in my hair to match the dress.

Tuesday night was the night of the party and Alice came up to the house for me in her uncle's automobile and she had flowers for me to wear and she brought a lady with her to fix my hair but I guess I looked so miserable after it was fixed that Alice laughed and laughed and she said all right just fix it the way you want to but you must let me put the ribbon in and then afterwards the lady fixed my nails. Artie was so excited and he tried so hard not to show it.

We all went down together in Alice's uncle's automobile and when we were getting out a big bunch of lights flared up and gave me such a scare. Damn those photographers Alice said and she made me run quickly inside and there was a big room all lit with thousands and thousands of lights and filled with tables and tables and tables and they were all shining with dishes and glasses and silver and at one end there was a bigger table under a sort of canopy of flowers and that was where we sat Artie and Alice and I and from then on I was so mixed up I hardly know what happened but there were a lot of speeches and pictures and Artie had to stand all the time for his picture and Alice always said damn those photographers and I hardly ate anything there was so much noise and laughing and talking and people said all kinds of things to me I didn't understand so I only just smiled and smiled and afterwards Alice said I did just right. I was getting such

• *MOTHERS · CRY* •

a terrible headache and afterwards we all had to go around and look at the hotel but all I could see were lights and people and swimming pools and such a lot of dining rooms and a gymnasium and a turkish bath and model apartments and smoking rooms and a moving picture place and electric ice boxes and kitchens as big as a park and elevators and ice water coming out of faucets in the wall and bathrooms all in colors instead of white and switchboards and they were all mixed up in my mind and oh there were such a lot of roofs. It seemed to me I saw dozens and dozens of roofs. One roof was a tennis court and one was a dining room and one was a garden and one was a children's playground with swings and sand and all sorts of things to play with and some roofs were nothing they were private and belonged to the apartments and the people were going to fix them up and plant vegetables so fat men could get exercise weeding them out somebody said and everybody laughed and one roof was a handball court and one roof was all covered with awnings and filled with flowers and was a dancing place and it seemed to me the whole building was just all roofs and nearly every floor had one. I was glad when it was finished and at last we went home and after Alice helped me to undress I went right to sleep and all I knew about the whole thing was that everybody had been saying how clever and smart Artie had been especially when he was so young.

The next morning Artie said he didn't have to

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

go down to the office because there was a board meeting and he was to hear what the firm were going to do for him. But he said mother I'm going to take you down to see my building—my first baby so to speak.

Oh Artie I said all those roofs.

But Artie laughed and he said I'm only going to show you the outside. We'll just sit nice and quietly on a bench in Washington Square Park and you won't have to take a step or go on a single roof. So I felt better.

We went down by bus but Artie made me shut my eyes when we passed the hotel because he said he wanted me to get a complete picture all at once and even when we got off the bus he made me keep my eyes on the ground until he sat me down on a bench and then he said now open. And I did and at first I couldn't see anything but just a terrible lot of white with sort of colors going upwards. Then I looked for a long long time and I felt just like the colors going upwards and upwards and upwards and as if I was very tall and very straight and very beautiful and a grand grand lady. And when I looked closer I could see how in between the big white stones were sort of bricks in light colors and they were put in such a way that they kept going upwards and upwards all the time. And then I saw why there were so many roofs. Artie had cut out so many pieces in different places and wherever he cut out a piece there was a roof left and as the building went higher and higher it got sort of

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

smaller and smaller and sort of melted away in the sky.

It seemed to me the most beautiful building in the world and I said so to Artie and Artie said do you really think so and I said yes. You know he said you didn't like it last night and I said it was because there were so many people so noisy and chattery and it was like you said they weren't big enough for the building. And then Artie said this was only a beginning after all but he hoped to feel out something even more beautiful and he said that this generation is building the foundations of American culture and this generation of architects were only feeling the way to creating the foundation of American architecture. And he said how lucky he was to be born in a young robust country or he'd still be using decadent Renaissance and Romanesque and Gothic forms like they'd been doing for hundreds and hundreds of years and that to use those forms when life was no longer Renaissance or Gothic or Roman was a sign of decay and thank God at last architecture was beginning to reflect our own age and fill our own cultural needs. You know mother this is really only a private enterprise after all just a hotel and I suppose I'll have to spend plenty of years building hotels and factories and apartment houses just as Mr. Forster says I must to get practical experience but just wait mother when I begin to get commissions for museums and universities and large groups of buildings and then even whole blocks and streets that will be the bases for

• *MOTHERS • CRY* •

generations to come oh then I shall show them what buildings can be. I looked at Artie and he was shining and going upwards just like his building.

We rode home on the bus and all the way I kept thinking of Danny and wondering why Danny was a destroyer while Artie was a builder and why Danny couldn't have been a builder too I didn't mean just buildings but maybe building life like a doctor. All I could understand was how I loved Danny just the same as I loved Artie.

ARTIE got what he wanted and he was made a junior member of the firm and he was only twenty-five years old. His salary was seventy-five dollars a week and he got two thousand dollars bonus but he had to turn the money into the firm because he had to have money invested in it and he signed notes too for more money that was to go into the firm so he didn't really get but the same forty-five dollars a week because the rest went to pay on the notes. Alice came to see me and she said she was so glad she had picked a winner and wasn't it clever of me she said to provide for my young so providentially.

Lots of magazines printed articles about Artie and his building and his ideas—the magazine section of the Times and Vanity Fair and the Sunday papers did too. There were pictures of the building and pictures of Artie and underneath the pictures of Artie was written Arthur Williams the prodigy architectural genius.

One Sunday while we were having breakfast Danny walked in the kitchen and sat down at the table just like that without saying a word. Neither did we say anything I guess because my breath sort of all went out of me at once. Then Danny sort of stretched his legs out under the table and put his hands in his pockets and said how's this for the

• MOTHERS • CRY •

brother of a genius he said I guess the whole family's bustin into print together and he pulled out a piece of newspaper and it was about a man named Danny London who was in a fight and Danny said that's me.

Artie got up very quietly and stood up by Danny's chair and he said listen to me Danny listen to what I'm saying because you'll never get the chance to hear it again. The moment that you cause one instant's uneasiness to mother is the moment that you get out of this house. You can sleep here and you can eat here but you leave mother absolutely alone. And another thing—just try any monkey business insofar as my life is concerned and I'll just explain to the nearest policeman in detail the events that led up to your sudden departure for Chicago. I hope you heard every single word I said.

Danny didn't say anything but he drew in his legs from under the kitchen table and sort of sat up straighter in his chair and then he said you know Artie I didn't mean nothin I was only kiddin but jesus I've been havin a hell of a time and when I saw all the fuss they was makin of you I thought maybe you'd help me out. Jesus look at me do I look like the brother of a great archytec. You wouldn't want people to know you was neglectin your family. All I want's some decent clothes and a clean bed and some grub again. Christ dyuh know I hiked all the god damn way from Chicago home.

Danny was certainly looking terrible. He wasn't wearing a collar or a tie and his suit was dirty and

• MOTHERS • CRY •

torn with no buttons on the coat and his shoes were all ripped around the soles and he needed a bath and a haircut and a shave and his eyes were all red and watery and his face was pastier than ever. I wanted to cry I couldn't bear to see him like that.

So Artie gave me some money to give to Danny for him to buy some clothes and the next day Danny went out and when he came back he looked lots better in his new suit and with a clean new shirt and new shoes and he had a haircut and a shave. And then he began going out just the way he used to but he didn't use any more bad words to me I guess on account of what Artie said to him and he never came to me for money any more either. And I was glad he was home again because I knew now he was getting enough to eat and had a good place to sleep and after a little while he began to look a little better.

Danny hadn't been home but a month and it was getting Christmas time when I got a letter from Beatty and she said she was coming home too. I showed it to Artie when he got home that night and oh he was so glad and happy. Why mother he said she'll be so grown up she'll be twenty-three now just like Alice.

I got the house all fixed and ready with holly and green stuff and I took out all the old furniture that used to be in the girls' room and I asked Alice to help me and she fixed the room up with a couch that had a beautiful cover and beautiful cushions on it and a little red chest of drawers and Artie

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

designed a kind of bookcase that was on both sides of the bed and had a shelf on top across the bed and the bookcase was like some of his buildings sort of uneven with pieces cut out in funny places and Alice put some Japanese prints on the wall and bought two small rugs and some plain lamps and some funny animals in china and put cretonne hangings up and lots of little bright things around the room and it really looked lovely though I didn't think it was going to at first because everything she used was so plain.

I told Artie and Alice to meet Beatty at the boat on Christmas Day when it was coming because I wanted to be getting dinner ready.

I thought that morning would never come to end but at last it did and I could hear them coming in through the alley at the side of the house straight to the kitchen but I couldn't move I just stood there. I guess I didn't even have enough sense to take my apron off but when I saw Beatty coming in the kitchen door it didn't make any difference and she ran right into my arms and we were both laughing and kissing and laughing and kissing so we could hardly breathe for joy of being together again and when we got quiet I could hardly know Beatty. She had got sort of beautiful in a way. Maybe it was the French clothes she had on. She was kind of more like Alice. She had on lots of lipstick and we laughed because my face was full of it from her kissing me and she was wearing big long earrings too and her hair kind of tight back only now she

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

had let it grow long. Beatty was like that when other people had their hair long she wanted it short and when other people had their hair short she wanted it long. She talked differently too. Her voice was sort of fuller and deeper and older and she was a little stouter too sort of more developed.

It would have been lovely if we could all have had Christmas dinner together but Artie wouldn't let Danny come and Jenny couldn't on account of being pregnant again and expecting any minute.

But Artie and Beatty and Alice and I had dinner together and my how everybody talked at once. Beatty told us how first she got a job in Paris working in an office and then she got a job on a newspaper. Alice was to Europe lots of times and the two of them got to talking about places and my they had been all over to Venice and Perpignan and Abruzzi and Sorrento and Le Touquet and Brussels and Freiburg and Oberammergau and the Tyrol and Rome and Nîmes and Pau and Seville and I don't know where all else. I asked Beatty wasn't she afraid to go alone to all those places but she said she wasn't always alone. But now Beatty said I've knocked around enough and I'm coming home to write the great American novel or maybe it'll be a play I don't know. It'll be a great something anyway.

And what about the bolshevism Artie said laughing. And Beatty said don't you worry I'm as good a bolshevik as ever and more so.

And what about husbands Artie said. Do you still believe in the perfection of man.

If you mean am I going to get married I certainly am not. I'm still holding on to my own little torso as my private property and I'm still believing that if you can't trust a man long enough to be the father of your children you certainly don't want to trust him for life.

Alice laughed and said I wouldn't trust Arthur from here to around the corner. And just let him try to go after a dizzy blonde and I'll sue him for so much alimony he'll not have enough left to get her a chocolate éclair with. Darling it's girls like you who are a menace to girls like me. You bring down prices terribly.

So Beatty laughed and she said one thing I've learned and that is to never take a decent idea seriously into company so I won't get indignant. Maybe some of my earnestness on some questions has gone the way of adolescence but on the sex question it still stays the same. I wonder—I may find that only one more illusion too. And her face got serious for a minute.

So Artie said then you admit some of your ideas were illusions.

And Beatty only said I've been hungry Artie. Then she got fooling again and she said but there are plenty of ideas left big brother even if I withhold their sensitive surfaces from the rough treatment of you bourgeoisie.

Then Beatty was telling how she saw Artie's pic-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

ture in the Sunday section of her paper in Paris it was the New York Herald and so she got homesick and decided she'd come home and give his silly old building a look.

Then when nobody could eat any more and we had all talked and talked and talked we went up and showed Beatty her new room and she was so pleased and then she said I guess I'll have to give up my ideas of bunking down the Village now that I'm fixed so fine up here.

Alice and Artie went into the parlor and then as soon as Beatty and I were alone it came.

Where's Danny and Sadye Beatty said.

So I told her that Sadye went away.

And the baby?

The baby died.

And Danny?

He's still here Beatty. Oh Beatty darling and I guess I got kind of excited and before I knew it I was begging Beatty please not to mind Danny that he only slept home now and hardly ever ate only just his supper and that Artie had made Danny promise never to go into any room where she was and that Danny had had such a hard time of it in jail and in Chicago and now he wasn't bothering me a bit wasn't even taking any money from me and how now I didn't work hard any more and then I told her about Jenny how she was married and had a baby and was going to have another one now any minute and Beatty asked me lots of questions about Jenny and she said she'd go to see her tonight.

· *MOTHERS · CRY ·*

And you'll stay here with me Beatty I asked her.

I guess so mother she said though God knows how I'll stand the subway.

So that night I went to sleep right away and I slept all the night clear through without once waking up because I knew where all of the four children were.

BEATTY got a job right away in a bank writing about stocks and bonds. She called it a publicity job and she worked in the vice-president's office because he had charge of that department.

It was Thursday when she got the job and on Saturday afternoon when she came home she said to me my boss has asked me to come down and help him tomorrow on a job. I wonder why he should want me down there on a Sunday afternoon. It sounds sort of fishy to me.

I didn't like it either and so I was worried about it all the time she was gone. At half past five she telephoned to me and said she wouldn't be home for supper and then about eleven o'clock she telephoned to me again and she said she wasn't coming home tonight but not to worry and she'd go right straight to work in the morning from where she was.

But I did worry. I couldn't help it. I couldn't just exactly put my finger on it why I was worrying but I was terribly upset just the same. I knew Beatty wouldn't ever do things like Aunt Katie's Gussie or Sadye I mean in the same way but I knew Beatty could do things like that if somebody could talk her into thinking what she was doing was right and high.

On Monday I waited all day long anxiously for

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Beatty to come home from work and when she did she was all happy and just jumpy with being so glad. I gave her her supper first and then when she went upstairs I went up too without doing the dishes even and I didn't have to ask her to tell me because she was so full of wanting to tell it she didn't know where to begin.

Oh mother she said I'm in love again. But this time it's all so different. When I came down on Sunday Mr. Hartman took me into the private office and immediately began by telling me how different he knew I was the minute he saw me and that was the reason he had hired me. Well mother lots of men say that so I was pretty ashamed for him and I guess I showed it. I told him if that was what he had called me down for I was going home. But he said don't go please don't go I'm so lonely. Well I didn't like that very much better so I started to walk out. But he caught me by the hand and he said please stay. We'll just talk and I won't touch you again. Tell me about your experiences in Europe for instance.

Well I talked to him awhile and somehow I told him that some day I wanted to do some writing. That seemed to excite him tremendously and he said yes you must write you must. You've got the brains and the personality and you must have your chance because I know what it is to have the creative instinct thwarted. I too dreamed of great things of becoming another Victor Hugo for instance but my father insisted absolutely that I come into this busi-

• *MOTHERS · CRY* •

ness. And I had no one then to sympathize with me. I did sell two short stories but I got so little for them that my father laughed at me. I always thought well I'll make enough money in the banking business and then I'll quit and take up my writing. But oh mother by that time he had married and he had a daughter and his wife turned out to be a hard cold cruel woman. He had signed over most of his property in her name and now all she wanted him to do was to make money and more money so she could go out in society and have plenty of automobiles and country houses and silly things like that. And he felt simply like a slave in a treadmill and he had to keep his feet going all the time to supply the exorbitant demands of his wife and now for the first time in all his business career he had met somebody who could understand his position and all that he wanted was to refresh his ideals and to renew his intellectual spirit. In his circles he said he only met the superficial sophisticates—hard predatory women but he knew I wasn't like that the minute he saw me.

Well mother you can imagine how astonished I was to hear a business man talking like that. I got very nervous and sort of cold and Mr. Hartman helped me to get quieted down and then we talked for all the rest of the afternoon. He said that as soon as he could he meant to fire me and that he was going to hire me then immediately to be the fulfillment of his writing ambitions. The only thing is that right now his wife seems to be on one of her

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

rampages and she holds the purse strings so I guess he'll have to wait with that plan for a while. He said he had some private speculations and that as soon as they took a turn for the better he'd be able to carry out his plan.

And he said to me please don't think it's just your body that I'm after. It isn't. It's your fine mind and your fine sincere heart and that wonderful spirit that fears nothing not even the world's opinion. If you only knew the glittering falseness of the life I lead. No reality. No honesty. No genuine human contacts. I assure you this is the first chance I have had in years for intelligent conversation.

I told him a little about my ideas and about my life in Paris and the fun of the Quarter. Yes he said I know but when I go to Paris my wife makes me stay at the Crillon and all I ever see of Paris is the Café de la Paix and my check book. And then he said some day perhaps we could go together and I could show him.

Then we got to talking about relations between men and women and I told him that I believed that when love was real and included friendship that I didn't feel that marriage was necessary and he agreed with me. He said his marriage was a crime. He hadn't exchanged one idea or one bit of affection with his wife in years. He said a union of intellect and spirit didn't need a marriage certificate to wrap itself in.

It got to be so late and Mr. Hartman asked me if I wouldn't stay down and have dinner with him.



A First National and Vitaphone Production.

Mothers Cry.

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS DANNY—MY DANNY."

• MOTHERS • CRY •

His wife had gone away to a house party and didn't care a rap about his being alone. I told him I'd go and we went to the Brevoort. And all the time we were talking and becoming stronger and finer friends. After dinner Mr. Hartman asked me would I like to go out to Long Beach with him. I said in the winter time? And he said yes that's when he liked the sea best when there weren't other people around.

I thought it a very original idea and so I decided I'd go and oh mother I'm so glad that I did go. There was a moon out and as we walked along the boardwalk the moon was shining on the sea and it was so cold and bracing and the roaring of the sea made us feel close close together. Mr. Hartman said he had never been so happy before in his life and oh mother neither had I.

We walked along for maybe an hour and then he asked if he might kiss me and that he would consider it a great privilege. I let him kiss me mother and after that I knew that I loved him and I felt that he was only a boy after all and that he needed my help.

Of course today in the outside office we didn't say much to each other except when we had to talk about business but whenever there was a chance he took me into the private office and oh mother then I felt that I just couldn't bear it to ever be away from him.

And there was Beatty so happy and feeling everything was all right when I felt inside of me that

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

something was wrong and that Beatty was going to get into trouble. I tried to tell her a little bit the way I felt about not believing people so much but I couldn't put it in the right words and it sounded kind of mean what I wanted to say especially because her believing was so sort of shining and happy but still I knew I was right and I think what was the matter was that I was ashamed because I was right and it seemed wrong that I should be right and cruel too. So I just finished what I was saying kind of not making it clear at all and Beatty didn't take any notice of what I was trying to tell her.

FOR a long time after that Beatty was really very happy. Mr. Hartman said her work was fine and he recommended her for a raise and Beatty said that the president of the bank Mr. Sampson said for once Mr. Hartman's recommendation for a raise was justified. Now she was getting forty dollars a week but Mr. Hartman was always taking her to so many fine places that she was always having to buy new clothes to go with him so she didn't have much left from her salary. Often they went to Long Beach because the man who owned the hotel there was a friend of Mr. Hartman's.

Pretty soon it was getting spring again. Artie kept right on working hard and Alice came up to see me often. Jenny was busy with her house and her husband and her babies and Beatty was happy and busy too. Danny was behaving very quietly and he didn't ever bother me at all.

I would have been so happy too only for one thing. I was mending some of the boys' socks one morning and I could only find one of one of Danny's pairs so I thought maybe the other one was in his drawer and I went upstairs to look. Danny was asleep but he always slept so hard I knew I wouldn't wake him up. I kept his socks and his handkerchiefs and his collars and ties in the first little

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

drawer in his bureau and I opened it and I got a terrible fright for there right on top of everything was a gun. It was a big one with a shiny front to it but the handle part was black and I was so scared I was shaking all over. It was the first time in my life I ever saw a real gun. I closed the drawer quickly without bothering about the other sock and I went downstairs and all morning I was so upset I couldn't do any more mending or anything but just kept walking around the house and outside in the garden trying to think what I should do about the gun.

Danny got up about two o'clock in the afternoon and I decided to ask him. Now Artie had talked to him I knew he wouldn't answer me badly so I said Danny I went to your drawer this morning to look for a sock —

So you saw my gat did you. Some classy little gat ain't it?

Oh Danny what do you have to have a gun for.

Now ma don't you start worryin about that. I gotta have that gun because you see now I'm a watchman. Yop ma a watchman downtown and so I gotta have the gun for that. I gotta permit and everything and I'll even show it to you. I keep it down at the place I work. It's a great little gat that is.

In a way I felt a little better about it but in another way I didn't. I couldn't help remembering that the gun could kill somebody and I couldn't ever think of anybody getting killed without thinking of all the trouble that went into tending a baby

• MOTHERS • CRY •

and all the money spent to send them to school and all the watching and loving and being afraid.

It was getting warmer and warmer now real spring and one night Beatty came home and said Mr. Hartman wasn't feeling very well and was going to take a spring vacation down in Virginia for a few weeks or maybe a month. Beatty said she wasn't feeling very good herself and she guessed she needed a rest too and she asked me did I think she might be caught because she was three days late. She had kind of a cold so I told her maybe that was the matter and she said yes I guess so. On Saturday Mr. Hartman left for Virginia and Beatty felt worse. She hadn't come around yet and she said she thought she was beginning to feel sick. So after another week I told her to go to a doctor and he said no one could ever be positive so early but still with her symptoms there could be no reasonable doubt.

Beatty was quite pleased and she said she would write to Gerald and see what he said. Oh I do hope he's as glad as I am mother. It's about time I had a baby. I'm nearly twenty-four and no woman is complete without that experience.

But I was terribly worried.

Beatty got an answer right away and she showed it to me. It sounded sort of stiff. He said he hoped she was telling the truth and that it wasn't just an excuse but he was sending her a check for a hundred dollars anyway so she could do what had to be done

• MOTHERS • CRY •

and not to ask him for more because he knew lots of doctors who took less.

Beatty looked kind of queer after that letter and I could feel how the letter was hurting her. Once I saw a man slap a tiny baby and that was the way I felt about Beatty getting the letter.

Oh mother I'll never do that Beatty said. Never. I couldn't. Why it's there all alive and waiting. I'd feel I had murdered it just as plainly as if I had taken it in my hands and choked it.

I was so glad Beatty said that because I was thinking of Sadye and I couldn't bear to think of Beatty doing such a thing and being like Sadye.

Beatty had a little box in her drawer. It was a flat straw box that Alice once gave me all filled with candy fruit and I had given it to Beatty because she said she wanted it to keep for programs of concerts and plays where she went sometimes with Mr. Hartman and she had in it a pair of his gloves she said she took without his knowing because she wanted to have something to keep of his.

Well Beatty put the check and the letter in the box and she wrote Mr. Hartman another letter and in three days the answer came back and this time he was much nicer and said he was sorry he had written to her in bad spirit before but he had had so many experiences which unfortunately had taught him that there were many women who simply preyed on men but of course he knew she was not one of them and she had given him a great deal of happiness and now he begged her please not to make

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

him unhappy because if she had the baby it would ruin him and so he begged her please to go to a certain doctor and he wrote the name and the address and he said she could keep the hundred dollars for herself and the doctor would send him the bill. And he said it would be better for her to ask for a week off and then that maybe she had better look for a job some place else because it would be so embarrassing for him.

Beatty was even more upset by this letter than the first because this was written so nicely and she began to worry about what she ought to do and after she had tried for days to make up her mind she wrote to Mr. Hartman again and said she wanted to do everything to help him and she didn't want to make him unhappy but she couldn't kill the baby and she told him she wouldn't ever bother him with the baby or tell anybody if only he would help her until after the baby was born and then she'd manage herself and get a job again.

Well then she got a terrible letter. He said she was only trying to blackmail him but he knew her kind and besides how did he know whether he could believe her anyway and how did he know it was his baby.

Beatty cried all that day. She wouldn't go down to the office but just lay there on her couch and wouldn't come down for lunch or supper even. Her face got all yellow like it always did when she was upset and brooding and her eyes all dark and heavy and she couldn't speak.

· *MOTHERS · CRY ·*

But the next morning she seemed much happier.

You know mother she said I think I'll just wait until Gerald gets back because really you can straighten these things out so much better when you see people and it's always a mistake I think to quarrel through the mail. So I'll just wait.

It got to be the day Mr. Hartman was coming back and Beatty was all excited. It was sure now about the baby and she was feeling pretty happy about it most of the time and she said everything was going to come out all right now when she could speak to Gerald herself.

I was anxious all day long for Beatty to come home because I wanted to hear what had happened and I was so upset I dropped the vegetable dish and it was part of the new set Artie bought me and I didn't know if I could get another to match and all the cauliflower was on the floor so I had to open a can of peas and Artie didn't like peas.

I could see things hadn't gone right at the office and Beatty told me what happened and when she talked it was like she was all emptied out.

When Mr. Hartman came back he was excited and happy and he stopped at her desk and said I'm expecting an important client Mrs. Lang and I don't want her kept waiting. Send her right in to the private office. It's somebody I met down in the South and I'm going to try to secure her account for us.

Beatty thought she'd better tell the telephone girl who always lets people in that in case a Mrs. Lang came she mustn't be kept waiting but was to go

· MOTHERS · CRY

right in to Mr. Hartman's private office because she was a very important client. So the telephone girl laughed and she said so Mr. H. is up to his old tricks again. He's been kind of quiet lately and we haven't heard *that* gag for a long time. Do you know Miss Williams lots of the girls have been saying it was on account of you but I say no—you ain't that kind. You're too refined I always say to them. I think it's just that his wife probably put the fear of god into him. He's sure scared of her. No wonder when she's got all his dough all tied up. Did you ever see her? She's one swell. She'd have divorced him long ago everybody says only she's the kind that don't like scandals and they have a daughter that's engaged to some high galoot. Well it's the same old line all over again and when Mr. S.—that was the president of the bank—and when Mr. S. hears about it he's gonna raise the roof. The last time they had an awful fight about it and I heard Mr. S. say that if Mr. H. didn't get that damned couch of his out of that private office he'd throw it out himself. And that Mr. H. was making a fool of himself and some day would get into trouble and that would get the firm into trouble. And Mr. H. promised he'd lay off.

I wonder did he ever try his stuff on you the telephone girl said to Beatty. I guess he's had about every girl in this office in that private room of his trying his best but believe me I've been here three years now and I know what always happens to the ones that give in. It's the sack every time. No sir

• MOTHERS • CRY •

I keep my business and my pleasure separate. He don't always mean real harm by it—lots of times all he wants is just maybe a kiss and a chance to tickle em. The girls all tell each other what happens in there and they laugh about it. But that's another reason Mr. S. hates his carryins on. Mr. S. says we have more personnel turnover than any other bank and that means dollars and cents loss he says. Gee won't he blow up when he hears about this newest important client.

So then Beatty said she'd better get back to her work and she said she never knew how she walked down the corridor to her desk because she said she didn't seem to have any legs and just when she sat down at her desk Mrs. Lang came in. She was a big tall woman Beatty said she was hard as nails but very beautiful and she had on a big mink fur coat and diamonds all over and she kept smiling all the time and showing her teeth and Beatty said it was just as well because her lips were so thin and hard.

Mrs. Lang stayed in with Mr. Hartman until about half past twelve and then they went out to lunch together and Mr. Hartman came back again at half past two and he was humming a song when he came in the office.

He stopped by Beatty's desk and he said it wasn't so bad now was it? And Beatty said what wasn't so bad and he said you know the doctor business. So Beatty told him she hadn't gone to the doctor.

Oh so you found you were mistaken after all Mr. Hartman said. But Beatty said no she wasn't mis-

• MOTHERS • CRY •

taken and that the baby was two months on the way. So then Mr. Hartman got very excited and he told her to come inside he wanted to talk to her.

Beatty said she had the worst half hour of her life in the office with Mr. Hartman. First he tried to threaten her and then he tried to work around her and to kiss her and then he tried to make her sorry for him and cried and he tried everything to get her to go to the doctor but Beatty said that if she couldn't have one decent and beautiful thing out of this affair she would have to kill herself because she felt like a sewer. So when Mr. Hartman saw he couldn't do anything with her he said she'd either have to go right to the doctor or she'd better just leave the office right away and never come near him again and he said if she'd be a good girl he'd get her a job in another bank but that if she wouldn't be good he'd see that she never got a job in another bank again. So Beatty walked out of the office and took her hat and coat and went home.

But I said Beatty where were you all this time. It's six o'clock now. And she sort of looked at me kind of sick like and she said I don't know I think maybe I walked home.

I couldn't bear it to see Beatty crushed down so. She telephoned to her office that she had a nervous breakdown and wasn't coming back. They wrote her a nice letter and said they were sorry and sent her the money they owed her. But now Beatty didn't have anything to do but just think about

• *MOTHERS* • *CRY* •

everything that had happened to her—about how she had loved Mr. Hartman so much and how he had made her so dirty and how now she was going to have a baby and what could she do. Day after day passed by and she was acting like somebody crazy. She stayed in bed nearly all the time and sometimes she cried a lot. She got terribly thin too and I told her it wasn't good for the baby if she didn't eat and didn't take exercise and she said she didn't care. So then I got real worried because up to then she was always so happy about the baby but now she was all the time saying if only she had enough guts she'd kill herself and the baby too. It was awful to see Beatty like that because one thing Beatty never was and that was hard. Sometimes she'd get up for a little and walk around the garden or just sit in the kitchen and she was just like somebody that was dead. Oh I was so frightened all those terrible days with Beatty suffering like that and taking it so hard. I guess it was because she believed so hard that it hurt her so much. She wouldn't even read. She would just ache. I could see her just all one piece of pain and wanting the pain to stop hurting her and not knowing and not caring what could make it stop. And it went on like that for months until I was wondering how anybody could stand it.

Artie was hardly ever home these days he stayed down at Alice's house lots for supper and lots of nights he worked at the office and he didn't know much about what was going on except once he said

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

he thought Beatty needed a rest because she had such big rings under her eyes but one Sunday about one o'clock when it was July already Artie was in the garden waiting for Beatty to come down for dinner and when she came he said my word Beatty what's the matter with your stomach. And Beatty stood kind of still and looked at herself and she smiled kind of queerly and she said yes sir that's my baby no sir I don't mean maybe and she sort of tried to do the dance steps to it and she tripped and Artie jumped up and he caught her in his arms and Beatty began to cry and cry and Artie just stood there his eyes all wet and his face kind of hard and he waited there for her to finish and then they both sat down on the bench. I went inside because I thought maybe if they were alone Beatty would tell him and they were always such good friends and now maybe he could tell her what to do and help her so she wouldn't be so unhappy.

I could hear Danny just getting up in his room because now all the windows were open and I thought I'd better get some coffee ready for him.

Beatty told Artie everything that happened between her and Mr. Hartman right from the beginning and in the end Artie said I hope you haven't destroyed those letters have you. And Beatty said no she had them. He said that's fine that will be all the proof we'll need. What proof Beatty said and he said for the lawyer of course and Beatty jumped up and said oh no that would be terrible what did

• MOTHERS • CRY •

Artie think she was. She said she couldn't possibly think of anything so sordid.

But Artie told Beatty to go up and bring down the letters because he wanted to see just exactly how incriminating they were. Beatty went upstairs and she got the little straw box and Artie read through the letters and then he said I'll take these to a friend of mine who's a lawyer and we'll see what we can do.

But Beatty said no no no I couldn't ever do anything like that. It's so cheap and nasty.

Oh it's just stinking Artie said but all the same we'll have to go through with it. Don't worry no one will know a thing about it because the whole thing will be settled between the lawyer and Mr. Hartman.

But Beatty said give me those letters I'll never consent to such a thing. So then Artie said all right what are you going to do.

Oh I want to die said Beatty only now the baby kicked me in the stomach and I want to see what it feels like to have a baby.

So Artie said well if you don't make this rotter help you somebody will have to. Where's the money coming from for the hospital and the doctor and what are you living on now. Why you're just living on mother like Danny is. You and your principles. You're just being a sentimentalist and at mother's expense and the baby's. You can't go to work for maybe another couple of years if you want

• MOTHERS • CRY •

to give the baby a decent start. Do you think it's right to ask mother to pay for Mr. Hartman's little excursions.

So Beatty said she'd think it over and Artie said he'd take the little straw box in the meantime to show to his friend the lawyer.

Well then they got to talking about the whole thing and talking about a book Beatty was reading called the Origin of the Family. Artie said of course your book is right. I don't deny that the family is based upon the making safe of the transmission of property but as long as there is property what are you going to do. You simply won't face sociological existences just as you won't face biological ones Beatty darling. And you can't raise children and earn a living for them as well. But Beatty got all excited and she said thousands of women did and she for one wasn't a dishwashing machine or a diapering mechanic and she was going to prove she could have a child yes maybe half a dozen of them and she'd raise them herself without the help of a husband.

So then Artie said what about the child. He has a right to two parents. Any educator will tell you that. That's what's the matter with all those fairies you met in Paris that you were telling us about—too much mother and not enough father.

Well I'm not going to argue with you Beatty said but you can tell your lawyer friend anyway that I don't want anything from Mr. Hartman except just enough to see me through until I can get a job

• MOTHERS • CRY •

again. Mother will love to have a baby here and I'll get somebody to help her with the work part and we'll see Mr. Artie about this family business.

All right Beatty only kid don't brood any more it's no use. You really should develop a suspicious nature when it comes to men.

I do feel lots better Artie since I have been talking to you and I don't see why I can't improve this shining hour incidentally by doing a little of the writing I'm always so noisy about.

So then they both got up and came in for dinner. Artie had his hand around Beatty's shoulder and she looked so much happier and I was so glad she had told Artie all about it.

Just then I heard Danny moving around upstairs again and it came to me that Danny had been so quiet up there all the time Beatty and Artie were talking so I knew he must have been listening and my heart sort of sank. I don't know why but I didn't want Danny to know about Beatty and now I was sure he heard everything because his window was right on the garden and they had been talking under his window but there wasn't anything I could do about it now and then I thought well what harm if Danny knows.

Only I noticed from now on Danny was beginning to act nasty again to Beatty like he used to not in any way you could lay your finger on but he'd sort of look at her and grin like he was making fun of her. One time she was arguing with Artie about some of her ideas and Danny began to laugh right

· *MOTHERS · CRY ·*

in the middle and nobody asked him what he was laughing at but his laughing like that when they were talking so seriously sounded terrible. After that I tried to keep Danny and Beatty separated.

ABOUT the end of the week Artie came home and while they were eating in the kitchen he told Beatty his friend the lawyer said she had a perfect case because there was a law that the father must support his child until the child is sixteen years old so Beatty said no she didn't want that because she did not want him ever to have anything to do with the child she only wanted enough money to last until she could get a job and to pay for the doctor and the hospital and she thought maybe two thousand would be enough. Artie tried to argue with her that she ought to make a settlement for at least fifteen thousand dollars but Beatty said no no no I would be ashamed of myself all my life if I did such a thing why it's just like blackmail no if I can only get enough until I can get back to work again that's all that I want. So Artie said all right I will get this friend of mine to see your banker boy friend and I will let you know what happens.

So then I went out of the kitchen door to get some lettuce from the garden for supper and it gave me such a shock to see Danny was in the garden standing against the wall that was between the kitchen window and so I knew he must have been listening and I wondered why he was interested so suddenly in Beatty and what was happening to her. He moved

• MOTHERS • CRY •

away when he saw me and said it's a nice evening isn't it ma then he went around the front way up to his room. I didn't like it and I couldn't tell why Danny was so anxious to listen.

The next Tuesday night then Artie came home and he said here Beatty I've got something for you. And Artie showed her a check for two thousand dollars. And he said I won't argue with you Beatty but I still think you're an awful fool. Anyway he wants his letters and he wants you to sign an agreement saying you won't make any further demands on him but our lawyer says that it wouldn't do him any good. Technically any settlement he makes won't release him from being responsible for the whole sixteen years. So you see Beatty darling the whole thing depends entirely on you. Well said Beatty he can have his letters and he can have my word of honor that neither he nor any member of his family will ever hear of the baby and that I'll never ask him for another cent.

So Artie said I know you're going to feel very important now about this word of honor of yours it's just the kind of romantics you like. As for sending back the letters that's up to you. Here they are. Better send them registered mail and get a receipt.

And Artie handed over the straw box to Beatty. I felt somehow that Danny must be listening some place and sure enough a few minutes later I heard him move a chair up in his room and close his window. Then he came down and had his supper and went out.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

We decided that night it was about time to start getting the baby's things and so Beatty said we would go out tomorrow and deposit the check and go shopping and go to the post office and register Mr. Hartman's letters.

The next morning I heard Beatty getting up about ten o'clock because Beatty was getting up late these mornings on account of getting heavy and big and then I heard Danny moving in his room too. Danny never got up before one or two o'clock and I couldn't understand what could be the matter so I went upstairs to see and just when I got to the top of the stairs I saw Danny walking into Beatty's room so I stood still on the landing and I waited.

What do you want Beatty said to Danny.

Well I'm just thinkin I want about twenty-five thousand dollars Danny said. Beatty sort of laughed and said is that what you're calling on me for so early in the morning. And Danny said yes that's what I'm callin on you for so early in the morning. So Beatty said well you must be crazy or walking in your sleep so get out of here and go back to bed. I'm not crazy or walkin in my sleep because there's my twenty-five thousand dollars and Danny reached up his hand but Beatty was quicker and she grabbed the little straw box and held it behind her back.

Now listen Beatty stop bein such a crazy goddam nut you give me them letters and I'll give you five grand out of the twenty-five and I'll give ma another five grand and then we'll all be happy.

Beatty got stiff as stiff and her face got red and

• MOTHERS • CRY •

her eyes were shining with fire with being so mad.

You dirty loafer she said you get out of here before I do something I'll be sorry for. Then Danny got mad too and his shoulders got all hunched over and he said who're you callin a dirty loafer. And Beatty said I'm calling you a dirty loafer because unfortunately I'm not a gangster and I can't find forceful enough language to call you what you are.

You lousy little bitch who do you think you are you're nothing but a goddam tart with all your fine talkin. Look at yourself—how do you think you came by that belly—so you just keep your kissin mouth shut and hand over before I lam you right on it.

Beatty was so mad she couldn't talk she only kept saying her voice all hoarse and chokey get out of here for God's sake get out of here.

Like hell I will. Not without them letters.

You'll never get them never never.

I won't heh. If you think I'm gonna let you stand there and hold twenty-five thousand dollars of mine and not give it to me you're crazy with the heat. Then Danny grabbed Beatty by the shoulder and he knocked her down on the bed but the straw box was underneath her. I called out Danny Danny let go of Beatty—the baby the baby you'll hurt the baby but they didn't hear me because they were fighting so hard on the bed and then everything happened at once and while it was happening I just stood there my feet couldn't move and my throat was like a piece of stone and it was just like I used to dream

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

sometimes that a robber came into the room and I couldn't scream and I couldn't run. It was just like that.

So Danny and Beatty were rolling on the bed and Danny had got hold of the box in his hands and he gave Beatty a shove back on the bed and got up and ran to the door but Beatty jumped up quick as a flash too and she stood in the doorway and she held out her hands so he couldn't pass and Danny tried to push her away and she began to pull his hair and then Danny punched her in the face and on the breast and the straw box fell to the floor and Beatty let go of Danny's hair to reach for it and then ——

I don't know. I guess maybe I don't know what it was that really happened then but there was a terrible explosion noise and Beatty was lying on the floor and Danny had grabbed the straw box and was running down the front steps and a policeman was running to the house and Danny ran right into him and his gun was still in his hand and the straw box was in the other hand and the policeman knocked the gun out of Danny's hand and was whistling and a big crowd began running towards the house and Danny gave the policeman a shove so the policeman fell backwards on the sidewalk and he began running and then there was another explosion noise and Danny was lying on the sidewalk and when he tried to get up he fell down again and somebody was yelling he got im in the leg all right and then other policemen came a bunch of them and a patrol wagon

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

and an ambulance and they took Danny away and they came to look at Beatty.

And I held the dead murdered face of Beatty in my hands and I held my own dead murdered heart in my hands.

I PHONED Artie and I phoned Jenny and there was a big crowd kept going by and looking at the house and somebody rang the bell and he tried to push me out of the way to get in the house. He said he was from a newspaper but I kept him from getting in and I pulled the blinds down and I locked all the windows and the doors and I saw a man outside taking a picture of the house.

I let Artie in the kitchen door he was shaking all over and his hands were all cold and his face was terribly white and when he saw me he sort of let go of himself and he fell into my arms and he moaned and he cried.

So I went upstairs with him. Beatty was on her bed and she was covered over by the couch cover. The doctor had put her there but afterwards the coroner scolded me because he said we shouldn't have moved her.

Artie pulled the cover down so he could see her face and then he kneeled down by the bed and he kept crying and crying Beatty Beatty Beatty so I thought his heart would break. I couldn't bear it for him to cry so hard so I went over to him and I kind of touched his hair and he got up and he took me in his arms and so we both stood there and cried together and I didn't know which was his crying

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

and which was my crying because in that minute we were like as if we had only one body between us and one heart and the same eyes to cry with. But his crying was worse because his crying was younger and not used to crying.

Nobody thought of going to bed that night. Jenny had to go home on account of the children but Eddie stayed and at last we could make the burial arrangements. Artie stayed close to me all night and when about three o'clock in the morning he sort of quieted down I began to talk to him about what there was to do.

There was Danny to think about and the newspapers and a lawyer for Danny and money for Danny. Artie began walking up and down the kitchen. Those newspapers he kept saying those newspapers. Oh mother he said this is the end for me. This is the end of all my career all my ambitions the end of Alice and the end of all my buildings. Why Artie I said why. There'll be a scandal mother like there hasn't been for a long time. With those letters in the hands of the police and probably on every newspaper press in New York already the whole story will be pieced together and distorted and made filthy and Mr. Forster will have to ask me to resign. And who will ever give me another commission. All my creation all my power all gone gone. Everything gone Beatty Alice and work. Gone.

So I had an idea. Artie why should anybody know you're his brother I said.

• MOTHERS • CRY •

Artie stood kind of still and said why of course they will. So I said why should they if you go away right now and I don't tell anybody nobody need know anything about it.

But I've been in the papers too.

Yes Artie I said but that was a few years ago and Williams is such a common name. And don't you remember you always gave your address down at the office instead of home to all the newspapers. Oh Artie that's the way we must do and you must go right away now quick.

But mother I can't leave you like this right in the middle of everything with Beatty and with Danny on your hands. It's impossible.

But you must Artie. Oh Artie I beg of you please leave me something something and if you go now I'll know at least that you're all right. Artie don't you remember how you once told me how you felt about your work—and you remember I told you that was the way I felt about the babies when they first came—Artie please leave that thing—that I'll know that all your life you'll be having that feeling that feeling of building and making. Oh Artie please go so I can have something to hold on to. If you don't I'll have nothing. Nothing nothing for all these years for all this suffering I'll have nothing at all if you don't go.

But he wouldn't and we argued and argued and in the end he said maybe I was right but it was a cruel thing I was asking him to do.

We went upstairs to Beatty's room so Artie could

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

say good-bye to her and then we sat down there so we could all be together again for the last time. Beatty and Artie and I.

Artie and I and Beatty. Beatty was dead and I didn't know when I would ever see Artie again. Artie and I we just sat close together and we didn't say anything but sometimes Artie would think of something about himself and Beatty when they were children and he would tell me about it like about the report cards and the blind man and then he would cry and say oh mother I can't go on like this oh I can't all my life she'll be there mother all my life when it's dark at night and when I'm lonely and when I'm suffering she'll be there all the time mother just like she was when she was little and when she got bigger and when she went to high school and when she came home from Europe and she'll always be there and I won't be able to stand it oh mother I won't because she'll be there most just the times when I'll be unhappy and afraid. If people would only really die mother but they don't mother they go right on living inside of us.

So then I told Artie about when Frank died and how it was like that with him too for years and years but now I hardly remembered him ever. And I said no Artie you'll get older and you'll have children and maybe you'll tell them about Aunt Beatrice but pretty soon it'll begin not to be her at all but just somebody that you remember and the remembering will really kill her Artie it will really kill her. You'll see.

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

But it was getting late and I was afraid Artie might change his mind.

Now I said Artie you must go. You must go now. Now you're Arthur Williams architect and you have no brothers no sisters no mother no father. Remember.

And I thought to myself and now I have no son. But I didn't say it to Artie.

So he kissed Beatty good-bye and we walked down into the kitchen and I made him some coffee and while he was drinking it I went upstairs and I packed up all of Artie's clothes in the valise and I carried them down and I took another valise and I packed away the papers he wanted.

They had a policeman outside the house and so I decided Artie better go out through the house next door or maybe even climb over a few fences and go out further down the street. We pushed his suitcases over the fence and Artie and I stood there in the dark. I guess it was about four o'clock in the night and we didn't know what to say. So Artie cried and hugged me and said oh mother I can't leave you with all this tragedy on your hands. I must help you. But I said please Artie please don't let's argue about it again. Please I want something to show for all my thirty years and Artie said well mother I'll show you. Oh I'll do the very best I can and I'll build for beauty and for love of you.

So I told him how he could write to me but under a different name and I'd write to him at the office if I could do it without anybody seeing the name

· *MOTHERS · CRY* ·

on the envelope but I knew I'd be watched all the time. So I kissed him good-bye and I told him please to be happy and to try to forget about Beatty and Danny and he said no he never could he never could forget that awful waste of two lives that had cost so much in effort. I couldn't bear it when he said that so I said quick now they're watching and Artie climbed over and he sort of got caught on the fence and one foot was hanging on my side near my face so I kissed it and for a minute I wanted to pull him back because I felt so lonely and helpless now and the bottom of his trousers was wet with my tears.

IT WAS terrible those next days. The people who came from the newspapers and the people who came from the district attorney's office and from the undertakers and all kinds of inspectors and the Salvation Army and just people who wanted to see and oh so many many people to take pictures. But afterwards Eddie Cooper got a man from a private detective agency to stand at the door and nobody could come in unless they had business.

All the papers had it in about Danny and Beatty and the letters only the little papers they made it all sound so different about Beatty and Mr. Hartman so that I felt so ashamed because it hadn't been like that at all. Those papers were the worst of all because they printed pictures of us that weren't us at all and they drew pictures and they were all wrong and they told such lies. First I was so angry but when days went by I got kind of used to them and I had so many other things to think about.

We buried Beatty on Sunday and the crowds were terrible. I thought if only they would let us alone.

After the funeral a man from Danny's gang came to see me and he said what was I going to do about a lawyer and he said I'd better use the lawyer they always used. So I asked Eddie about it but Eddie said no we'll get the best lawyer there is. So he

went downtown and came back but he said it was impossible because it would cost so much. So I said how much and he said thousands and thousands of dollars. So I telephoned down to Mr. Landry could I see him but old Mr. Landry didn't go to the store any more because he had had a stroke so his son came to see me and I told him I wanted to sell the house now and he talked with Eddie and they arranged it all that young Mr. Landry should buy it for twenty thousand dollars and I could live in it until after everything was over and afterwards Mr. Landry was going to tear it down and build an apartment house. Well I wouldn't need the house any more now because there wasn't anybody to live in it.

The trial was very quick and I don't know how it happened but the district attorney made me say all the things that Danny's lawyer didn't want me to say.

Danny's lawyer said Danny was a pathological case and that he was really not responsible for his actions and he made me get up and tell all about the things Danny did when he was growing up always stealing and all. But the district attorney made me tell about the gun in the drawer. Everybody was lovely to me in the court room and nobody made it hard except the little papers that were always taking the pictures. The district attorney he was especially nice to me. He helped me to get up in the witness stand and he spoke to me as nice as he could only he made me say all the things that

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

Danny's lawyer didn't want me to say and when I got down everybody sort of was crying and carrying on. I hardly knew anything that was happening because I couldn't understand hardly what they were saying.

Danny didn't go up to say anything at all. He looked terrible. He was all grey in his face and he limped all the time from where the policeman had shot him in the leg when he was trying to run away. I knew he was getting good things to eat but one of his friends told me they couldn't get his pipe to him. So I said wouldn't they let him smoke but the friend laughed and said not what Danny's used to smoking. So I said was he very upset and he said yes but he was getting over it he said he was sweating a lot less nights now and was beginning to eat better. Danny wouldn't talk to me or to anybody at all ever all through the trial. He just sat like a lump.

In the nights when I couldn't sleep I would think of Danny all alone too and not sleeping and sweating because he couldn't get the kind of a pipe he needed and wondering if he was going to die and lying maybe afraid to breathe because he was so afraid he was going to die and I felt sometimes I couldn't stand it it was like I was going to die myself. And whenever I wanted to see him he said no.

But nothing helped and they found him guilty of first degree murder and they set the day for December the tenth and that was three weeks after.

I don't know what happened those three weeks because I think I must have been dead those weeks.

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

The lawyer tried all he could with appeals and everything but it didn't help any. It all seemed kind of queer to me that they should try to save Danny because I knew in my heart that I didn't want Danny to be saved. I didn't want him to suffer but I couldn't understand all the appeals and the legal things and why everybody should sort of act not how they knew it was right but how they felt it was the right way to act in a murder. The district attorney he felt that his way to act was to send Danny to the electric chair and our lawyer he felt that his way to act was to save Danny from the electric chair. And they were both like the dolls that Artie used to make they acted without any sense it seemed to me. When I thought about it I thought how Danny killed Beatty and her baby and now of course they must stop him from ever killing anybody else only I wished they wouldn't do it by killing him.

So the weeks went on and it seemed to me so terrible that there was Danny up in a place called the death house and here was I in our house and there had been so much life once in our house and now there was only death and I lived now in the kitchen where Danny and Beatty and Artie and Jenny had lived once but I cooked lunch now only for myself and sometimes maybe for Jenny when she could spare the time from the children to come over. And there was Danny up there dying and dying each day dying more and here was I dying and dying and each day dying more.

On December ninth I went to see Danny up at

• MOTHERS • CRY •

the prison in the place they called the death house. They put a chair down for me outside his cell but Danny wouldn't come over to me. He was lying on his cot and he was like he was dead already.

So I sat outside and watched him for a while and then Danny got up kind of slow and he came over and he said hello ma. So I got up and I said hello Danny. And he said how are you ma. And I said I'm all right Danny how are you. He said I'm all right. Then he said how much did they soak you for the trial ma and I said everything I got for the house Danny but I said don't be thinking of that Danny.

Then he stood there and he didn't say anything for a while and I didn't say anything. And he said ma. And I said what is it Danny. And he said I ain't afraid ma. So I said I'm glad Danny. So he said them goddam newspaper guys that's expectin me to flop they can go to hell because I ain't gonna flop see ma? So I said yes Danny. All of a sudden it came to me that Danny's hair wasn't so red as it used to be it wasn't hardly red at all it was more like light brown. And I wondered how I hadn't noticed it before. And I thought why I guess if he stayed in the sun maybe his hair would get red again because I liked red hair and I was just going to say that to him and then I remembered. The sun would never see Danny's hair again only the ground would see it. And it came to me in a new way what was going to happen to Danny and inside I felt like everything was going to fall to pieces and I couldn't

• MOTHERS • CRY •

stand on my feet and then the man came and said we must say good-bye now. So I said good-bye Danny and he said good-bye ma and I said it again good-bye Danny and I felt like Danny was a man I never knew and had nothing to do with. But he had been my very first baby.

And I went out and then the going to pieces began and they took me into a room to lie down and I cried and I cried and I cried like I hadn't cried since when they buried Beatty. I thought I couldn't cry any more because it was hurting me so all over my body my chest and my legs and my head. They were all hurting me with the crying so hard and I couldn't stand it. And I thought after Danny dies I guess maybe I'll die too.

And all that day on the way home I kept saying to myself after Danny I'll die. I'll die too.

I went back to New York and Eddie went up to the prison because he was going to bring Danny home to be buried. So I was all alone all that night because Jenny couldn't leave the babies. I sat up all the night in the kitchen. Sometimes I'd put my head down on the kitchen table and kind of doze a while. I went upstairs for a little bit and I sat in Beatty's room too. I don't know much what was in my head that night. It was like my head didn't belong to me but was a kind of machine that kept going along by itself thinking what it wanted to think and it jumped around from thinking what would Beatty's baby have been a boy or a girl and at Frank's funeral we went in horses but Beatty's

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

funeral was in automobiles and how I'd sort of got out of touch with the family all these years and what was Jamey thinking of all this he hadn't written or anything and when Jenny had the measles and later how when Danny had the measles and I didn't send for the doctor because I didn't have any money and would it have been different if Frank had lived and what would Frank do now. Then I thought how I always remembered Frank as if he was young but Frank would be old like me now grey hair and maybe pains in his back too. Fifty years old I was now nearly. Frank was so good and so kind to me and that awful morning when I tried to sell newspapers and the engagement party and how I still had upstairs in the attic two of the Gibson girl pictures I got for presents and how I must move and what would I do with all the things up in the attic when I moved and where would I live and how would I live and now Christmas was coming soon and Jenny's baby would be having her first Christmas and I must remember to buy the children something. What had happened to Frank and to Beatty and what was going to happen to Danny and I hoped they would be kind to him and I wished he wouldn't swear like that the day before he was going to die and then I didn't know why he shouldn't swear. Maybe if it made him happy to swear he should swear. Maybe it sort of helped him to feel he was still alive. Where was Artie and what was Artie thinking and that time Beatty said she'd

• MOTHERS • CRY •

never go back to school because they said she told a lie.

All night my head kept going around by itself. Frank and mama and papa and Jamey and Danny and Artie and Jenny and Beatty and Sadye and Alice and Eddie and Jenny's babies. All night they moved around inside my head and it seemed like they were wearing shoes with big nails and the nails kept pressing in my head when they walked around inside my head like that.

In the morning I thought I would go over to Jenny's. I wanted to see her babies because I was afraid that if I stayed by myself longer my head would go to pieces altogether and I was so hot I thought it would be cool to kiss the babies' hair so I wouldn't go crazy like I thought I was going.

I put on a big heavy veil but when I went outside they were all there waiting to look at me so I asked the policeman to get me a taxicab and he did.

On the way the taxi got held up on the Grand Concourse and we stopped next to a trolley car and I looked up at it and there was a girl sitting by the window and one of those little papers was open in her hands and I screamed because on the front page there was in big letters DEAD and there was a picture of Danny in the electric chair. I began to scream and scream and the taxicab driver got frightened and he said what's the matter ma'am and I said nothing just go ahead fast as you can and he did and when we got to Jenny's house I couldn't stand it any more and I fainted.

• *MOTHERS* • *CRY* •

Jenny had that terrible paper too and I looked again and under the picture it said this is a true photograph of the execution of Daniel Williams taken just as the current was turned on.

I could see them all—all in the subway and in the elevated trains and in the street cars and in their houses and in the offices and in restaurants and in ice cream parlors and in moving picture houses all of them carrying that picture and I remembered how once Artie took me to a moving picture and it was about the French Revolution and they were going to chop off somebody's head and they did it out in the street while all the people watched and some of the people who were watching were laughing and some of them were drinking and some of them were making love and I thought that's how they killed Danny in the middle of the street to make some fun for the people. I could see them all with that picture in their pockets and I hated them all every single person that had that picture in his pocket and it was the first time in my life that I felt like that—that I felt the feeling of hating and it was terrible.

AFTER the funeral I went up to clean the attic. I had to move some place and I didn't know where. I sent Danny's clothes and Beatty's clothes to the Salvation Army and I made a case of all of Artie's things his dolls that he made and all the drawings he had from when he was little at public school and his drawing table that he made himself and I sent the case to his office.

Then I found a trunk with some clothes in that the children had worn when they were little and I found a little white muff of Beatty's and a scarf and it was made of white curly stuff and I remember Beatty didn't like the smell and so I used to buy cologne in the five and ten cent store and put it on and now it smelled just like it did then the funny smell it always had like leather and the sweet kind of smell mixed. The string of the muff was torn and I remembered how Beatty always wanted me to fix it under the collar of her coat because she said when I didn't it rubbed her neck in the back. There was a little pocketbook sewed on top of the muff. She used to love to open it and close it all the time. I opened it now and I found a penny and a little doll inside. It was a tiny bit of a doll and she used to get them as prizes when she bought a penny prize bag at the candy store but I didn't like

• MOTHERS • CRY •

her to buy prize bags because the candy in the prize bags was always so stale. And Beatty had tried to make a dress for it and there was the dress just a tiny piece of pink stuff with two holes to put the arms through.

And there was Danny's little sailor hat and it made me think of the time Danny got car sick. They didn't have the subway then and we went all the way up to Fort George in the trolley car. Frank and Danny and Artie and I carried Jenny in my hands she was such a tiny baby. And we had to get out of the car on account of Danny because I was so ashamed. Oh there was such a lot of old things up there in the attic the book with the pictures of the animals in Central Park that Frank gave me thirty years ago and I found an old doll and it didn't have any hair. It was Jenny's doll I remembered mama gave it to her one Christmas time and I let her have a baby dress for the doll. And now there was the baby dress still on the doll only I couldn't remember which baby's dress it was. But I guess maybe it was one they all of them wore. I picked up the doll in my hands and the baby dress made me think of nursing and I held the doll for a minute in my arms against my breast and I remembered how I had been so happy when the babies were at my breast. And while I was holding it the eyes fell in. I guess the glue was all dried up or something and I sort of laughed and I thought about the eyes falling in and I thought even a doll has things happen to it. So I thought how the doll was

• MOTHERS • CRY •

still good and I would take it to a doll hospital to get a wig for it and get the eyes put in again and I would see what I could find in the scrap bag to make some clothes for the doll and give it to Jenny's girl for Christmas.

Then I found the little machine Frank used to make his cigarettes with and there was a broken sled and some broken chairs and all kinds of odds and ends and I got tired finding all the old things like that having each one give me a new pain so I let the cleaning go and sat down in the middle of everything and then I thought of all the things that had happened in my life and I sort of thought of all the smells of the things that happened in my life and the smells got mixed up with the colors of the things that had happened in my life and with all kinds of pictures and feelings and I felt like something was running through me fast and getting warm and glowing as it ran and I wondered what it was and then I thought this is life running through me warm and glowing the whole thing of living from birth to death and I looked at my hands and I looked at my feet and I felt myself all over my hair and my eyes and my ears and my face and my breasts and my arms and the back of my neck and my stomach and my legs and I was filled with a queer feeling that my body was wonderful and that it was wonderful that out of my body had come so much life. Misery and destruction had come and happiness and building had come. And I began to sing. I didn't know what it was I was singing there

· MOTHERS · CRY ·

on the attic floor and I guess maybe it didn't sound like anything but I wanted it to sound like music that was joyful and that was praising music. Praise to life and to all the beautiful things that were a part of life and I thought that even the suffering of life was beautiful because when you are suffering you are feeling and if you are not feeling you are nothing. And I thought how there were so many things in life. There was betrayal and disease and murder and there was devotion and love and pity.

And I didn't want to die.

No I couldn't understand and I thought how nobody understands and that is why it is so wonderful. And I thought how life was like a present to us to live out and how everything belonged in life to its place. No I didn't want to die because living was so wonderful. I had borne four children out of my body first a destroyer to kill and then a builder to make beauty greater even than his own soul and a mother to bring more and more life and a seeker after truth blind and groping.

Now I had no more children. The destroyer had been destroyed the builder belonged to his stone the mother belonged to her children the seeker after truth had been betrayed. Struggle. All struggle. All suffering and struggle.

And I had had my struggle and I had had my suffering and I was rich with struggle and rich with suffering for I was rich with life.

THE END

Paris, 1928.

*"The Books You Like to Read
at the Price You Like to Pay"*

There Are Two Sides to Everything—

—including the wrapper which covers every Grosset & Dunlap book. When you feel in the mood for a good romance, refer to the carefully selected list of modern fiction comprising most of the successes by prominent writers of the day which is printed on the back of every Grosset & Dunlap book wrapper.

You will find more than five hundred titles to choose from—books for every mood and every taste and every pocket-book.

Don't forget the other side, but in case the wrapper is lost, write to the publishers for a complete catalog.

*There is a Grosset & Dunlap Book
for every mood and for every taste*

THE NOVELS OF TEMPLE BAILEY

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset and Dunlap's list.

SILVER SLIPPERS

Days of delight and disillusionment until Joan Dudley's knight actually came.

WALL FLOWERS

They were twins, they were "Wall Flowers" perhaps—but they were beautiful, and young and *real*.

THE BLUE WINDOW

Hildegard finds herself transplanted from the middle western farm to the gay social whirl of the East.

PEACOCK FEATHERS

Jerry, the Idealist, loves Mimi, a beautiful spoiled society girl. A conflict of wealth and love.

THE DIM LANTERN

The romance of little Jane Barnes who is loved by two men.

THE GAY COCKADE

Unusual short stories in which Miss Bailey shows her knowledge of character and her skill in romance tales.

TRUMPETER SWAN

Randy Paine came back from France to the monotony of everyday affairs. But a girl showed him the beauty in the commonplace.

THE TIN SOLDIER

Derry wishes to serve his country but is bound by a tie he cannot in honor break. Jean loves him and shares his humiliation to help him win.

MISTRESS ANNE

Into the life of Anne came two men: one is weak and the other strong and they both need Anne.

CONTRARY MARY

An old fashioned love story that has a very modern application.

GLORY OF YOUTH

An old question yet ever new—how far should an engagement of marriage bind two persons who find they no longer love?

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK

MARGARET PEDLER'S NOVELS

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset & Dunlap's list.

THE GUARDED HALO

The story of a girl and a man who threw away honor and reputation to protect untarnished the memory of a friend.

BITTER HERITAGE

She learned that her father, the man she had idolized, was a thief and a swindler—a bitter heritage not to be escaped.

YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

The harvest of an early love brings a strange situation and triumph of sacrifice.

TOMORROW'S TANGLE

The game of love is fraught with danger. To win in the finest sense it must be played fairly.

RED ASHES

A gripping story of a doctor who failed in a crucial operation and had only himself to blame. Could the woman he loved forgive him.

THE BARBARIAN LOVER

A love story based upon the creed that the only important things between birth and death are the courage to face life and the love to sweeten it.

THE MOON OUT OF REACH

Nan Davenport's problem is one that many a girl has faced—her own happiness or her father's bond.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS COME TRUE

How a man and a woman fulfilled a gypsy's prophecy.

THE HERMIT OF FAR END

How love made its way into a walled-in house and a walled-in heart.

THE LAMP OF FATE

The story of a woman who tried to take all and give nothing.

THE SPLENDID FOLLY

Do you believe that husbands and wives should have no secrets from each other?

THE VISION OF DESIRE

It is easy to destroy illusions, difficult to restore them. Anne restored love from the ashes of disillusion.

WAVES OF DESTINY

Each of these stories has the sharp impact of an emotional crisis—the compressed quality of one of Margaret Pedlar's widely read novels.

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK

THE NOVELS OF GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset and Dunlap's List.

CRIMSON ROSES
OUT OF THE STORM
THE HONOR GIRL
JOB'S NIECE
COMING THROUGH THE RYE
A NEW NAME
ARIEL CUSTER
THE BEST MAN
THE CITY OF FIRE
CLOUDY JEWEL
DAWN OF THE MORNING
THE ENCHANTED BARN
EXIT BETTY
THE FINDING OF JASPER HOLT
THE GIRL FROM MONTANA
LO, MICHAEL
THE MAN OF THE DESERT
MARCIA SCHUYLER
MIRANDA
THE MYSTERY OF MARY
PHOEBE DEANE
THE RED SIGNAL
THE SEARCH
TOMORROW ABOUT THIS TIME
THE TRYST
THE WITNESS
NOT UNDER THE LAW
RE-CREATIONS
THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK

ELEANOR H. PORTER'S NOVELS

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset and Dunlap's list.

MISS BILLY

Almost before Miss Billy realizes it a romance has entered her life—one of those charming and refreshing romances which strikes a sympathetic chord in the hearts of its readers and brings back fond memories of "the glamour and joys of youth."

MISS BILLY'S DECISION

Miss Billy's love affair does not run along very smoothly, but time, an automobile accident, and the author, bring it to a happy ending.

MISS BILLY MARRIED

One follows with keen interest the doings of charming "Miss Billy" in her own home; her efforts to make herself a good wife to Bertram and a good mother to Baby Bertram Jr. A pretty and amusing romance well told.

JUST DAVID

The tale of a loveable boy and the place he comes to fill in the hearts of the gruff farmer folk to whose care he is left.

THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING

A compelling romance of love and marriage.

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

Stanley Fulton, a wealthy bachelor, to test the dispositions of his relatives, sends them each a check for \$100,000, and then as plain John Smith comes among them to watch the result of his experiment.

SIX STAR RANCH

A wholesome story of a club of six girls and their summer on Six Star Ranch.

DAWN

The story of a blind boy whose courage leads him through the gulf of despair into a final victory gained by dedicating his life to the service of blind soldiers.

MARY MARIE

Gay, lively, loveable, Mary Marie will dance her way into the affections of every reader and leave a glow in the hearts of thousands of American grown-ups and children.

SISTER SUE

Mrs. Porter considered "Sister Sue" (completed just before her death) the best story she had ever written—an opinion with which her multitude of readers will agree.

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK

ROMANCES OF THE MODERN GIRL

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset & Dunlap's list

During the last few years millions of readers have become acquainted with the stories of these authors through their appearance in serial form in the daily papers. Because of the insistent demand of many readers we have issued them all in the handsome Grosset & Dunlap Edition.

THE NOVELS OF BEATRICE BURTON

Easy	The Little Yellow House
The Petter	Sally's Shoulders
Love Bound	The Hollywood Girl
Footloose	Her Man
The Flapper Wife	Honey Lou, or The
Money Love	Love Wrecker

THE NOVELS OF ELENORE MEHERIN

Miss Pat	Shackled Souls
Chickie	Nora Lee
Chickie, a Sequel	Jerry
Sandy	The Road to Love

THE NOVELS OF VIDA HURST

Marriage a la Mode	Big Game
Greater Love	Diana
Sonia	Sequel to Sonia

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK

NOVELS OF MAY CHRISTIE

THRILLING STORIES OF THE MODERN GIRL

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset & Dunlap's list

May Christie has captured the affection of millions of readers with her brilliantly written romances. In all her stories, May Christie has something to say and says it with frankness and honesty.

THE JAZZ WIDOW

The story of a handsome widow who inherited a fortune and set out to find youth and love in Paris. It remained for her daughter to show what true love is.

LOVE'S MIRACLE

Business to Jane meant tea dancing and dinner at the Ritz—night clubs and champagne. She was a success—but the man she loved said she was trading in love.

A KISS FOR CORINNA

Corinna is in love with a man who is pursued by a pleasure seeking society girl—and the irony of the situation is that it is her duty to make this girl beautiful. A fascinating story of the twists and turns in rivalry and love.

EAGER LOVE

The story of Mary Oliver, whose quest for love carries her into a dramatic and exciting situation. A lovable and very human heroine—one who has all the fine instincts which tend to build character in a woman.

MAN MADNESS

Three girls in love with one man. To what length will they go to win his love? Love, sacrifice, passion, conflict, duty,—these are some of the elements that go to make "Man Madness" a thrilling story of modern life.

LOVE'S ECSTASY

A little stenographer fighting for her love against a fascinating young mistress of millions. A duel of feminine wits and wiles that you will follow with burning interest. It is a romance of surprising twists and turns.

GROSSET & DUNLAP, Publishers, NEW YORK

GUY FOWLER'S NOVELS

May be bought wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset & Dunlap's list.

THE DAWN PATROL

In those wintry days of 1916, when England faced her doom, Richard Courtney, cynical and disillusioned, became a man of destiny, chosen for some reason to live even when he flung his challenge into the face of death.

THE SKY HAWK

The story of a chap called Bardell, a silent youngster, whose discharge from the Royal Flying Corps was not entirely honorable. The desperate chance he took to redeem himself is not on record at the British War Office but here are the facts.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY

Based on the famous stage play by Frederic Lonsdale, this story of a beautiful adventuress and her suave, mysterious butler has charmed thousands. Here is the complete story in novel form.

FOUR DEVILS

Away from the tinsel and glamour of the arena, away from the laughter of the crowds, tragedy lurked in the lives of the daredevil troupe known as the 4 Devils. A story told from "behind the scenes."

LILAC TIME

Here is the famous story of the little french girl, Jeannine, and her love for the dashing Captain Blythe. It is one of the most beautiful romances that has come out of the war, told here in the complete novel.

GROSSET & DUNLAP, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

STORIES OF RARE CHARM BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset & Dunlap's list.

TALES YOU WON'T BELIEVE

The beloved author relates in a chatty way, many fascinating tales of birds, moths, flowers and animals.

THE MAGIC GARDEN

In the magic garden the bud of childhood friendship blossomed into perfect love.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES

A war torn soldier finds health, adventure and romance on the California coast.

HE WHITE FLAG

How a young girl, singlehanded, fought against the power of the Morelands who held the town of Ashwater in their grip.

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER

The story of such a healthy, level-headed, balanced young woman that it's a delightful experience to know her.

A DAUGHTER OF THE LAND

In which Kate Bates fights for her freedom against long odds, renouncing the easy path of luxury.

FRECKLES

The story of a nameless waif of the Limberlost that leaves a warm feeling about the heart.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

The sheer beauty of a girl's soul and the rich beauties of the out-of-doors are in the pages of this book.

THE HARVESTER

The romance of a strong man, whose character is one of the author's best creations.

LADDIE

A bright cheery tale of love and romance in a country town of Indiana.

AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW

This is a story of love and friendship that gave freely without return.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

"Micky" is a newsie, small in size but with a big broad common sense philosophy, and a ready Irish wit.

SONG OF THE CARDINAL

The love idyll of the Cardinal and his mate, told with rare delicacy and humor.

BY JEANNETTE STRATTON-PORTER

FRECKLES COMES HOME

The story that Gene Stratton-Porter always intended to write is now completed by her daughter.

GROSSET & DUNLAP, Publishers, NEW YORK

THE NOVELS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

May be had wherever books are sold. Ask for Grosset and Dunlap's list.

TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

TARZAN OF THE APES

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

THE SON OF TARZAN

JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN

THE MASTER MIND OF MARS

THE PRINCESS OF MARS

THE WARLORD OF MARS

THE GODS OF MARS

THUVIA, MAID OF MARS

THE CHESSMAN OF MARS

THE MONSTER MEN

THE WAR CHIEF

THE OUTLAW OF TORN

THE MAD KING

THE MOON MAID

THE ETERNAL LOVER

THE CAVE GIRL

THE BANDIT OF HELL'S BEND

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

AT THE EARTH'S CORE

PELLUCIDAR

THE MUCKER

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK
